THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61 PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 1.

COME AND GONE.

BY L. G. H.

Thou cam'st when light and liberty
  Had loosened every cry,
Thou cam'st when starlit sympathy
  Illumined spring's soft sky.
Thou cam'st when Day descending,
  Bathed in her new-born heat,
With the twilight's calm was blending,
  And we were glad to meet.

Thou cam'st when earth was glowing
  In universal joy,
When all her life was growing
  Our brightest hopes to buoy.
Thou cam'st when skylark soaring
  On high aspiring wing,
His grateful praise was pouring
  In ceaseless caroling.

Thou art gone! the sun is shining
  As if it knew no past;
And Earth, on flowers reclining,
  Forgets the wintry blast.
But my love can find no morrow
  Unlit by yesterday,
And in vain it seeks to borrow
  The lith'om soul of May.

Thou art gone! whilst gloom is shrouding
  The hope which lingered yet,
Thou art gone! whilst mists are clouding
  Scenes we can ne'er forget.
Though in the hour of parting
  Farewells must bring regret,
May this balm come o'er its smarting:
  'Tis better to have met!

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED].

"WHO are they?" asked Lady Kilmore.

"Myself, and Jane Holmes, my maid," replied Hilary.

"Jane Holmes! You do not mean to say that she has known this horrible secret and has kept it from me?"

"She was made to take her oath never to reveal it; so that she is not to blame, auntie."

"Not to blame!" asked Lady Kilmore. Oh, Hilary, how blind love has made you! She was in some measure entrusted with the care of you. Her duty was to have prevented the marriage or to have sent for me, or at least to have told me when she returned."

"She could not. You must not blame her auntie. I know she was very unhappy about it. Do not scold her; she was led into it, much against her will. Will you ever forgive me, auntie?"

"Forgive you, my poor child? My heart aches for you! I can never forgive the one who led you into such a fatal error. However, I hope we shall be able to keep it secret. I should leave England at once if it became known. And Lady Mary was actually coming to our house as well! It seems horrible!"

The calmness of despair came over the girl's face. She had told but half of her story as yet. What was she to do? If the first half displeased her aunt so greatly, what would the second and far more terrible half do? Lady Kilmore read the downcast face rightly.

"You have more to tell me, Hilary?"

"Yes," answered the girl calmly, "I have. But, aunt," she added, "let me put my arms around your neck and hide my face while I tell the rest."

She laid her golden head on the breast that had always been a refuge to her and whispered a few words.

Lady Kilmore gave a cry of horror and pain; then she threw her arms around the girl and held her tightly to her breast, murmuring words of sweetest comfort to her, and whispering loving condolence in her ear. Her first feeling was one of kindness and love for the miserable girl, her second one of burning indignation towards him who had wrought such mischief.

"I do not blame you," she said; "you are a simple, innocent foolish, child; but the man who taught you to deceive me deserved the death he died."

She never forgot the cry of pain and anguish that came from the girl's lips.

"Auntie," she said sadly, "blame me as much as you like, but do not say one word about him; for I love him dead just as I loved him living. You will spare me, will spare him, will you not?"

Yes, thought her aunt, he was dead, and all words uttered against him were useless; so she might as well be silent.

"I will say no more, my dear unhappy child."

"But, auntie, you will help me? I do not know what to do; but you will help me, will you not, for my dead mother's sake?"

"Yes, my dear, I will help you, not only for your mother's sake, but for your own, and because I love you. Trust me—I will help you."

They talked for another half hour under the trees; and at the end of that time, Hilary had told her aunt everything. Lady Kilmore was full of anxious thoughts.

"If ever this affair becomes known, your whole life will be marred," she said. "But I do not think that people would believe in the story of your marriage after seeing Lady Mary Trevor acting as chief mourner at his funeral."

"There would also be the church register to prove it," remarked Hilary.

"Yes, if any one ever took the trouble to examine it—which no one would. I can fancy the sneers, the malice, the suspicion with which your story would be received—no one would believe it, child. It seemed to me at first that the keeping of your secret was necessary for the success of your life. Now I say that it is more than your life, and that you had better die rather than let it become known."

"I think so too," said Hilary sadly; "but then, auntie, I cannot die when I will; if I could, I should have died on the morning when you told me the terrible news."

The events of that morning came back so vividly to Lady Kilmore's mind—she remembered how her niece had fallen to the ground and how strange had been the conduct of her maid. She could understand it all now, and she wondered that she had been so blind. A child might have seen through it; but she who called herself a woman of women of the world to be so easily duped and blinded! It was marvellous to her when see thought of it.

Never in her life had she been so sadly perplexed: one whisper of what had happened, and all the girl's prospects would be blighted. How could she help her? How could she avert the terrible consequence of her folly? Lady Kilmore walked up and down the grove, wondering if such a combination of circumstances had ever occured before—a secret marriage, the minister who had performed the ceremony dead, the young husband suddenly killed, the woman whom he was supposed to love present at his funeral and behaving almost as though she were his widow. Moreover the *finale* to the whole affair had yet to come.

"If it formed the plot of a novel," she said to herself, "every one would think it improbable. There has never been such a combination of circumstances. Unless I can think of some plan to save her, she will be utterly lost."

She thought long and deeply; and then she began to see her way.

"It is certainly," she said to her niece, "the most perplexing state of things I have ever known. I will help you; but it is on condition that you give me a most solemn promise."

"I will promise anything, auntie," cried the girl. "I can no longer bear the burden of my secret alone."

And then between them there was a long and earnest conversation. At last Lady Kilmore said—

"You must give me your solemn promise Hilary, so solemn as to be almost an oath, that, if I help you to keep your secret, you will never divulge to any creature living anything respecting your marriage or what you have just told me."

The girl gave the promise; and she kept it until the keeping of it longer would have been treachery to the living and the dead.

"You promise that you will never divulge your secret, Hilary?"

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Not under any pretext or consideration? Remember this, Hilary—I would rather have it known now, and suffer all the consequence of it, than screen you for the present only to suffer greater shame afterwards. Remember also, Hilary, that if it should ever be known how I have screened you people would say harder and harsher things of me than of you."

"Auntie," said the girl earnestly, "you may trust me after all that you have said—for your sake first, for my own afterwards. But you will help me?"

"Yes, my darling; I will do all that lies in my power; and I have great hopes that after all I may yet live to see you brilliant and happy, as you ought to be, and that the time will come when all this will be forgotten. I will tell you briefly what I think of doing."

And the scheme that Lady Kilmore laid before her niece seemed to her wonderfully clever and shrewd

From that evening a change came over Hilary; she regained some of her lost spirits. The worst was over; for her aunt knew all about her marriage and had promised to help her. The result of their long conversation soon became apparent. Lady Kilmore called upon Lady Ardean, and, after having discussed the topics of the day, the mistress of Weldhome proceeded to state how anxious she had been for some time about the health of her niece.

"Since that long illness, you remember, dear Lady Ardean, when Lady Mary was here, Hilary has never been the same; and I have been very unhappy about her lately. She has lost her color and spirits. I have thought of travelling with her for a few months. What is your opinion?"

Lady Ardean, who was amiability itself, approved her old friend's decision.

"I think," she said, "you will act wisely, although I shall be the loser, for I shall miss you so much."

Lady Kilmore consulted several persons, not forgetting the two doctors and the Rector's wife, until the ill-health of Miss Nairne and the anxiety of Lady Kilmore about her niece became the most common theme of conversation. Every one knew that Lady Kilmore was taking her abroad because no one at home could do her any good. Many lady-visitors called at Weldhome to see the invalid, and much valuable advice was wasted.

"Oh, auntie," Hilary would groan, "if they could but be persuaded to stop at home and mind their own business, what a relief it would be!"

"They mean well my dear," Lady Kilmore would answer; "and it is better for us that your health should be spoken about."

Gradually it had become the one topic of the neighborhood. People sent daily to inquire after the health of Miss Nairne. As a matter of course, none of the visitors expressed any surprise at not seeing her when they called, or at finding their invitations declined. It came to be an understood thing that Miss Nairne was for the present a confirmed invalid.

There was one rather stormy interview between Lady Kilmore and Jane Holmes; but Jane fought her own battle; and, after a time, Lady Kilmore not only yielded, but

ranged that she, and no one else, should go with them.

"Where do you think of going first? asked Lady Ardean.

Lady Kilmore, in her sweetest and blandest manner, said that she could hardly tell; she had not made up her mind; she was going to visit some friends in London, and would most probably be guided by their advice.

"I should say Torquay or Mentone," suggested Lady Ardean. "Either place would suit Hilary. Poor child, what a sad inexplicable thing it is; and how strong and well she used to be!"

"I suppose," returned Lady Kilmore, with a sigh, "she is not the only girl who has lost her health and strength. I am half afraid that the air at Weldhome does not suit her."

"You take all our good wishes with you for her speedy recovery," said Lady Ardean; and so, with kindly words, they parted.

CHAPTER XII.

FEW visitors went to the quiet little town of Wetham-on-Sea. Its accommodations for strangers were rather limited, but rooms could be obtained at moderate prices. There was no fashionable promenade, and there were no large hotels; the visitors went for the sake of the sea, and not to exhibit fashionable costumes.

To this quiet town, one morning in February, there came three strangers, who, on making inquiries for lodging, were recommended to go to Mrs. Pilgrim's. Mrs. Pilgrim was supposed to let the best rooms at Wetham-on-Sea, and gave herself airs on the score of always having gentry. Acacia Cottage, South Walk, Wetham-on-Sea, was Mrs. Pilgrim's address; and she was very proud of it; and to Acacia Cottage the three strangers went. One was a tall stately lady of imposing appearance, who gave her name as Mrs. Smith. She told Mrs. Pilgrim that the young lady who accompanied her was her daughter, Mrs Carlisle, and that the woman with them was their maid, Jane Harman. They required a suite of rooms for three months. Mrs. Carlisle's husband was in America, and during the 'coming summer she was to join him there.' Mrs. Smith could give no reference, as she was quite a stranger to that part of the country; but she would pay a month's rent in advance.

Mrs. Pilgrim assured her with a smile that it was unnecessary—that she knew a lady when she saw one—and Mrs. Smith could take possession of the rooms when she liked.

"My daughter is in very delicate health," observed Mrs. Smith; "and all that we require for her is the utmost quiet and rest. We shall have no visitors, nor shall we go out much." And then came a number of inquiries about the doctors in the town.

There was one who was very clever, she was told by Mrs. Pilgrim—Doctor Sloane; and Mrs. Pilgrim felt sure that even in London itself there was not a more skilful medical attendant. Had they much luggage?

"Yes a fair amount," was the reply; and then Mrs. Pilgrim's heart beat with joy.

The party took possession of the rooms that very day. The best and largest of them was given to Mrs. Carlisle, the maid occupied a room next to it, and Mrs. Smith had a large cheerful apartment that overlooked the sea. This room had at first been destined for Mrs. Carlisle; but she had said it would not do for her—she should hear nothing all night but the wailing of the wind and the moaning of the sea. This view of matters did not please Mrs. Pilgrim.

"The sea does not always moan," she declared with dignity. "There are times when it seems to make music."

But Mrs. Carlisle averted her face, and said—

The landlady thought that her young lodger was a melancholy kind of lady; but then how beautiful she was, and so sweet and gentle, and so free from pride!

"If she were my daughter, I should be anxious," said Mrs. Pilgrim to herself. "She looks to me more as though she were going to heaven than anything else."

Mrs. Pilgrim often sought an opportunity of cheering Mrs. Carlisle.

"It is hard for your husband to be away from you at such a time as this," she would say; "but you must think of the happiness of seeing him again, which will compensate for the pain of parting; besides," she added "the world will be quite different to you in a short time."

And, when her consoler left her, the desolate girl would raise her arms with the cry—

"Stretch out your hands to me, Lewis!"

So for some weeks they lived in quiet; and then came the event as to which Lady Kilmore had entertained such dread.

One night there was strange confusion in Acacia Cottage; lights shone in the windows and hurried footsteps were heard on the stairs. Doctor Sloane was there, with an anxious face; and in the room where she could not hear the moaning of the sea Hilary Carlisle lay in the very arms of death. Lady Kilmore, with a pale troubled face and clasped hands, followed the Doctor about as though he held the fiat of life or death in his hands.

"Surely, surely," she moaned, "Heaven will spare her! So young, so beautiful, she cannot die!"

While from Hilary's white lips there issued but one prayer—

"Stretch out your hands to me, darling, and place me by your side again!"

Towards morning the doctor's face cleared and he smiled as he told Lady Kilmore that all would be well. Shortly afterwards there was placed in the arms of the girlish mother a tiny baby-boy; and she covered the little face with kisses and tears.

Later on, when the sun shone high in the heavens, Hilary called Lady Kilmore to her side.

"Auntie," she said, "I shall call him 'Gabriel;' for he has a face just like that of the great archangel in the painting at home."

Lady Kilmore smiled and made no answer. She was prepared for a great amount of enthusiasm; but that any one could compare the face of a baby to that of an archangel was to her at least somewhat astounding. However, the fancy grew with the girl-mother, and she never called her child by any name save that of Gabriel.

The day came when, by Lady Kilmore's express desire, the child was taken to Holy Trinity Church, in the parish of Wetham-on Sea, and baptized under the name of "Gabriel Lewis Carlisle," the name of its parent being duly entered. It was better so, Lady Kilmore argued with herself. "Carlisle" was by no means an uncommon name; she herself knew several persons, all of different families. Besides, it was most improbable that any one who had ever known them would see the register at Wetham-on-Sea. So "Gabriel Lewis Carlisle" was entered on the roll.

Great was the young mother's love for her child. There was no more praying for death. Once when Lady Kilmore entered her room, she found Hilary on her knees by the bassinette, with tears raining from her eyes.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "if Lewis could but have seen him! He has died without experiencing the greatest happiness in life."

Lady Kilmore smiled acquiescence.

"Aunt," cried Hilary at another time, in sudden fear, "you will never separate us, will you—you will never take my baby from me?"

"We cannot tell yet, my darling, what arrangements we shall have to make; but you may be sure of one thing—I shall never do anything which seems unkind to you."

For a few weeks the lovely girl-mother was perfectly happy with her beautiful babe. Lady Kilmore would watch them at times when the girl held the little one in her arms, murmuring sweet tender words, the little golden head nestling on her breast, and she would say to herself that no painter could have a prettier subject for a picture than that. She could not part them; they should be together for one year at least—one year from a lifetime was not much. Poor girl! She had suffered enough; she should be happy with her baby for one year, and then—

She told Hilary her decision, and the young mother received it with a smile. She was quite content. To the young a year seems boundless.

While all their friends and acquaintances believed them to be travelling on the Continent, they were safety hidden in the little town of Wetham-on-Sea. The plan Lady Kilmore had formed was this. For one year Hilary was to have her little son, and then Jane Holmes was to take the boy and bring him up. Hilary could see him sometimes; but, if the secret was to be kept, she must not see him often.

Jane Holmes has already lost her only brother, a widower. What could be more easy than to let it be thought that she had adopted her brother's child? Either this must be done or Hilary must give up all hopes of her future; and Lady Kilmore thought she was too young to do that. Evidently the most rational and sensible plan was to carry out her suggestion and then all would be well for the future; the secret had so far been well kept, and there would be ample time to redeem what had simply been a piece of youthful folly. Besides, it was well known that Hilary was attached to her faithful maid, and no one would think it strange if she were very kind to the maid's adopted child.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the list of names of ladies presented to her Majesty at the last Drawing-Room of the season was this—" Miss Nairne, by the Duchess of Lankton;" and Miss Nairne immediately found herself the beauty of the season. Unlike most beauties, she was loved by women as well as men, because of her freedom from affectation and coquetry. She was far more beautiful than when Captain Carlisle had met her; her figure was most developed, and was matchless in its symmetry and grace. She took the fashionable world by storm and had countless admirers and worshippers. A less noble nature must have been spoiled, but Hilary passed scathless through the ordeal.

Her heart was divided still between her dead husband and her little son. Lady Kilmore had had great difficulty when the time came to separate mother and child. Hilary had pleaded hard to remain with her boy. She cared nothing for the world, she told her aunt. Away from her little Gabriel, she had no life, no interest. But in the end Lady Kilmore had prevailed

"After all that I have done for you," she said to her niece, "you must do something for me. Have no fear for Gabriel; but for what the world would say, I would take him this moment and adopt him as my own child. But that would never do. Besides, he will be very happy and well cared for with Jane."

Only Heaven knew how the young mother missed her child. She would awake in the night and miss the clasp of the little hands, miss the golden head that nestled on her breast, miss the voice just beginning to utter her name, miss the little face that smiled so sweetly on her. People who saw her in the midst of crowded ball-rooms, or who watched her at fetes and flower-shows, wondered at the half-mournful expression on her face.

"You smile when you sigh and you sigh when you smile," one of her admirers said to her once; and she acknowledged to herself how true it was.

People would not have wondered had they known that, young as she was she had passed through a terrible ordeal. When her beautiful eyes rested so calmly on passing scenes, who was to know that her heart was either by the grave of her young husband or with her lovely little child?

It seemed to be very cruel of Lady Kilmore to expect Hilary to give up all claim to her child, but her ladyship although good and kind, was of the world, worldly. She had done all for the best. It had been a most unfortunate incident in a life that should have been all brightened. The best thing was to say no more about it and forget it.

As she had foreseen Lord Lulworth was charmed with her lovely niece. Godfrey. Earl of Lulworth, was one of the richest peers of the day, and certainly the best match in England. His income was over a hundred-thousand per anumn; he possessed valuable mines in Cornwall, and was one of those who are exceptionally fortunate; everything he touched seemed to prosper and turn to gold. He was very handsome and distinguished-looking—a man to be honored, loved, and respected, but always held in some little awe. He was dignified and reserved in manner. It was not easy to be familiar with him; and, whatever opinion he advanced, one always felt sure that it was right. He was a man whose praise was worth having—a man whom most people tried to please, and no one cared to displease. He was kind, benevolent, and charitable, but strictly just; if a tenant owned him money, it must be paid—if another wanted money, he would give it cheerfully. He hardly knew the meaning of the words "mean" and "sordid." More than once at his magnificent estate of Langton Wolde he had entertained Royalty; and this wealthy nobleman, whose name was a power in the land, found himself completely charmed and fascinated by the golden-haired girl whose heart lay in her young husband's grave.

It was her indifference that conquered him; she did not care whether she pleased him or not. He was accustomed to something very different. As a rule, when he drew near, lovely faces glowed, bright eyes grew brighter, blondes, brunettes, young and old, all did their best to please him. At his approach the hearts of fair women fluttered with fear and hope; but it was quite different with Hilary. It was her calm indifferent fashion of receiving his compliments, and even of ignoring his homage, that completely won his heart. She did not care for him. How could she, when her heart was with her dead husband? And what were the man's polite well-turned phrases to her whose ears were filled with the cooing voice of a little child?

The girl's indifference charmed him; it was a novel piquant sensation for him. Every one saw that he was completely fascinated, and every one saw also, that she did not care to fascinate him. There had been many a speculation as to whom the Earl would marry. He could have aspired to almost any one, there was scarcely any limit to his claim; no sensible girl or woman would have said him nay; and he had fallen in love at last with some one who cared nothing whatever for him. The fashionable world watched this golden-haired beauty keenly, but there was never the least sign of delight in the conquest that every one could see she has made. She avoided Lord Lulworth whenever she could If he sought her, she listened patiently, answered him, and then let him go! She never made the least effort to send him away, any more than she did to attract him. At length the time came when the Earl went to Lady Kilmore and asked permission to propose to her beautiful niece.

This was not a case of meeting by a brookside and saying "I love you." It was a courtly business, to be arranged with care and diplomacy. He loved her right well; his estate, his vast wealth, his rank, were less than nothing to him now without beautiful Hilary Nairne. He, one of England's leading peers and the best match in England, trembled when he thought it possible that he might be refused by the girl who had taken him so completely captive.

Did Lady Kilmore think that he should succeed? She could not tell him. All that she could say was this—that he had her very best wishes. The Earl, who rather shrank from the ordeal, then said gently—

"She is so young, and she seems so very sensitive; would it not be better for you to speak to her first?"

"I will see, if you like, if she has any inclination for marriage," answered Lady Kilmore; "but you must have observed that she is quite unlike other girls."

"I see that she is alone in beauty, in grace, and in adorable simplicity of character," he replied.

When Lady Kilmore did broach the subject to her niece, she received the very answer that she had expected.

"It is too soon, auntie, to think of marriage," said Hilary; "my heart has not given over aching yet."

"But you do not dislike Lord Lulworth, Hilary?" asked Lady Kilmore anxiously.

"No," she replied, "I do not dislike him. I think he is by far the nicest man I have seen; but, oh, auntie, after Lewis, all other men are to me like shadows! I could never love any other man."

"I can hardly expect that you will love any one again as you have loved. Hilary, no one loves in that fashion more than once. The pity is that your love-dream was so short and so sweet; you will have no other dream like it. But I advise you, dear, to think twice before you refuse Lord Lulworth; as Countess of Lulworth you would have one of the finest positions in England. Still I do not want to hurry you or to influence you. I must tell you one thing however: I do not think any one in the world will ever love you better than the Earl."

The result of this conversation was that Hilary thought more kindly of Lord Lulworth than she had yet. It was very good and kind of him, she reflected, not to urge her, not to press his love on her.

When Lady Kilmore next saw the Earl, she told him, with a smile, that she had no great hope for him; at the same time there was no cause, so far as she could see, for despair. He was delighted.

"As you do not bring me an absolute refusal," he said, "I am the happiest man in the kingdom; for I shall win her now."

Hilary was struck when she met him next with his gentle courtesy.

"You have been a thousand times kinder to me than I deserved," he told her. "I will not say a word that can weary or hurry you, if you will promise to remember that there is one heart in the world devoted to you."

"I promise," was her reply.

On that same evening she stood before Lady Kilmore in all of her beauty, her rich robe hanging on the ground, her golden hair studded with glittering gems.

"Auntie," she said, "when your heart lies buried in the grave of the man you once loved, what in its place are you to give the man who loves you?"

Lady Kilmore was equal to the occasion.

"Honor, reverence, and goodwill," she replied, and Hilary remembered the words.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was a wedding that was long talked about. For splendor and magnificence few had been seen like it: the loveliness of the bride and the noble bearing of the handsome bridegroom were admired by every one. A long description of the ceremony appeared in all the newspapers, and the event formed an inexhaustible subject of conversation.

Lady Kilmore was delighted beyond measure. This was what she had lived for, this was the kind of wedding that pleased her. Aunt to the beautiful Countess of Lulworth, her position was second only to that of the Countess herself. Now she congratulated herself on her patience, on her judgment and foresight. Some would have thrown up the cards at once, seeing that they held such a losing hand; but Lady Kilmore had been wiser.

Her heart throbbed with pride when she read in the newspapers the flattering description of the beauty of the bride, of the magnificence of the dresses and jewels, of the number of distinguished persons who had been present at the ceremony. Her most sanguine hopes had been realized. She had hardly dared to hope for such a wedding; she had merely thought it a possibility that the great "match" of the day, Lord Lulworth, would propose for her niece. That he should have done so, that Hilary should have accepted him, and that the result should have been a marriage of which all England was talking was to her the grandest of triumphs.

For years afterwards the wedding was often discussed. Outwardly, nothing more could have been desired. The bridegroom was very handsome, tall, aristocratic-looking, one evidently born to be a ruler of men; and the sweet young girl by his side was the envy of all fair dames. But did any know what was passing in her mind? She looked peerlessly beautiful in her wedding dress of ivory satin, with the richest of lace and a superb bridal veil. Her face was pale, and her eyes were dimmed as with repressed tears. That was all fitting and proper, just as it should be. But did any know of the pain that racked her heart? She had not forgotten her other marriage and the adoring young husband by her side; the memory of it stung her. She remembered, as she stood at this altar, what had happened when she stood before the other—how the shadow of the stained glass cross had fallen upon her. There was no cross, no shadow here; she was surrounded by a most brilliant throng; there could not have been a greater contrast than between her two marriages. Which husband did she like best? She had a reverential affection for Lord Lulworth, she paid him all the respect and homage due to his noble character, and she was content in the knowledge of his great care and devotion; but there it all ended. The love that is so sweet in life, that is all romance, was dead, to live no more.

They went to a beautiful place belonging to a relative of Lord Lulworth's in the Isle of Wight for their honeymoon. Lord Lulworth had been most anxious to please her. He had suggested Paris; but Hilary declared that she had had enough of the Continent. He said something about a castle of his in the lake district; but she turned from him with a white face and a shudder.

"I should prefer the Isle of Wight," she told him; but she had no reason for saying it, except that it was the first face she thought of.

It was a quiet happy time; the Earl was devoted to her, was most generous and unselfish. The more she saw of him, the better she liked him. He was one of those men who are seen to the greatest advantage in home life; his utter unselfishness, his consideration, his gentle and courtly manner, and his natural amiability made him one of the most charming companions.

Hilary found herself growing more and more interested in her life. The Earl was an accomplished man, a scholar, a great reader, and a brilliant talker. She found herself growing interested in all that interested him, in his studies, his reading, his ideas; and the Earl, although he knew that she was naturally clever and brilliant, was astonished at the rapidity with which she mastered subjects that seemed difficult even to him.

"Hilary," he said to her one day, "I think we shall be companions for life."

She glanced at him wonderingly.

"Are not all husbands and wives companions?" she asked.

"No, indeed, they are not. It is not all wives who fall so charmingly and gracefully into their husbands' pursuits as your have done. Most of the married people I have seen have, soon after their marriage, taken different roads and kept to them. It seems to me that you and I will have one road; and I thank heaven for blessing me with such a wife."

Lord Lulworth was very happy; and, when they had spent some few weeks on the island, they went home to Langton Wolde, where such a welcome awaited them as took them both by surprise. Up to this time the social position she had gained by her marriage had not impressed Hilary. She knew that as Countess of Lulworth she held an exalted position; but it occurred to her only now, as hundreds of people bade her welcome home, how great were her responsibilities. She was like a queen who had come to take possession of her kingdom. When she looked at the hundreds of men, women, and children, and realized that their interests were bound up with her own, she knew that she had a great deal to live for. As, amidst the ringing of bells and the cheering of crowds, she drove slowly to her beautiful home, in her heart she was praying that she might have wisdom to direct her life aright.

She was bewildered by the splendor of Langton Wolde. She knew that it was one of the show places of England; yet she was amazed at what she saw. The exterior was most imposing. The house was approached by two magnificent avenues, called the north and south avenue, with two lodges, the north and south lodge. The terraces were broad, the suites of rooms superb, and the state apartments used for the reception of royalty, were not to be surpassed in any palace in Europe.

Lord Lulworth took his wife over the whole place, told her every legend and tradition, and made her quite at home.

"And now, my darling," he added, "you have seen the portraits of all the generations of the Lulworths; now you are a Lulworth yourself, one of a great family."

She realized then that she was no longer Hilary Nairne, the simple, innocent, credulous girl—no longer Hilary Carlisle, the loving, devoted young wife. She was Hilary, Countess of Lulworth, one of a grand old race.

One morning, when Lord Lulworth was sitting in his library, his young wife entered.

"Godfrey," she said, "I want you to do me a great favor. I hear that old Mrs. Bourne at the south lodge is dead; is it so?"

"Yes; she died yesterday," answered the Earl gravely.

"Have you thought of any one to put in her place?" asked Lady Lulworth.

"No, my dear, not yet. We generally give the post to some faithful old servant."

"That is just what I thought," said his wife, her face brightening.

She went up to him and laid one hand caressingly on his shoulder, bending her golden head over him.

"I want to ask you a favor," she said. "We—that is, auntie and I—had a very faithful servant that left us some time since who would be most grateful for a place of that description. If there is no one else whom you desire to put there, I should be so pleased if you would let her have the south lodge."

"She shall have it with pleasure," he replied. "There is only one candidate for it; and I will give her something else."

"Thank you," she said. "It will be a real pleasure to me to see Jane Holmes at times; I used to like her very much. Then may I write and tell her to come at once?"

"Certainly! And, as she is a *protegee* of yours, I will increase the wages. How old is she, Hilary?"

"I should think about forty," was the reply.

"Is she married, or is she quite alone?" he asked.

"She is not married, and she is not quite alone. She has adopted a child, I believe—her—her brother's son; and she would bring the child with her."

"That would be a sensible arrangement," said the Earl; and his wife, turning away, stood watching the golden sunlight on the trees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lost and Found.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

DOES it please you, Katy?"

"Oh, it is splendid! I could not have suited myself half so well, had I been left to choose."

"But you have not seen the wine cellar yet. It is a treasure of its kind. Let's go down again."

They went down the stairs together, he talking gaily, she with a troubled look on her face. After duly admiring the place, she put a timid hand on his arm, and said, "But, Arthur, dear, let's have no wine in it."

"Why?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I have resolved, if I am ever the mistress of a house, there shall be no liquors kept in it—no 'social glasses' for friends."

"Why Katy, you are unreasonable. I did not know you carried your temperance opinions so far as that. Of course I shall keep wine in my house, and entertain my friends with it, too."

She raised her face appealingly.

"Arthur!" she said, in a tone of voice which he knew how to interpret.

Arthur's brow grew clouded.

"But you cannot fear for me?" he said, with half offended pride.

"I must fear, Arthur, if you begin as he did. And I fear for others besides—for the sons, and husbands, and fathers, who may learn at our cheerful board to love the poison that shall slay them."

They went up the steps again and sat on a sofa in the dining-room for a few moments, while Katy put on her hat and drew on her gloves.

The argument was kept up. It is unnecessary that we should repeat all that was said on both sides. It ended at last as similar discussions have ended before. Neither was willing to yield—Katy, because she felt that her whole future happiness might be involved in it; Arthur, because he thought it would be giving way to a woman's whims, and would sacrifice too much of his popularity with his friends.

He had bought this house, paid for it, and furnished it handsomely, and in a few weeks was to bring Katy as its mistress. All the afternoon they had been looking over it together, happy as two birds with a newly finished nest. But when Arthur closed the door and put the key in his pocket, in the chill, waning December afternoon, and gave Katy his arm to see her home, it was all "broken up" between them, and a notice, "To Let," was put over the door of the pretty house the very next morning.

It was the most foolish thing to do; but then lovers can always find something to quarrel about.

They parted with a cool "Good Evening" at the door of Katy's lodging house. She went up to her room to cry; he went home hurt and angry, but secretly resolving to see her again, and give her a chance to say that she was in the wrong. He would wait a few days, however; it would not do to let her see that he was in a hurry to "make it up."

He did wait, nearly a week, and when he called at the modest lodging-house, where he had been wont to visit so often, he was told that Miss Gardiner had been gone three days.

"Gone where?" he asked, slow to believe.

"She did not tell me, sir. She said she was not coming back. Her aunt lives at Bristol."

He then took the next train to Bristol, and investigated; but neither there, nor in any other place, though he searched for months afterwards, did he find sign or trace of Katy Gardiner.

* * * * * *

All this happened more than a year before I saw Katy; but we girls, who lodged at Mrs. Howell's with her, of course knew nothing about it. She came to the factory and applied for work. The superintendent thought her too delicate for such labor, but she persisted; and in fact, she improved in health, spirits, and looks after she became used to the work and simple ways of the factory girls.

She was a stranger to us all, and it seemed likely that she would remain so. But one day Mary Bascom's dress caught in a part of the machinery, and before anyone else could think what to do, Katy had sprang to her side and pulled her away by main strength from the terrible danger that threatened her. After that, Mary and Lizzie Payne and I, who were her dearest friends, were Katy's sworn allies.

We all lodged together then, in the big "Boarding House." But Katy took it into her head that we should have so much nicer times in a private lodging to ourselves; and when she took anything into her head she generally carried it through. In less than a week she had found the very place she wanted, arranged matters with the superintendent, and had us sheltered under Mrs. Howell's vine and fig tree. We four girls were the proud possessors of a tolerably large, double-bedded apartment, with a queer little dressing-room attached, and the liberty of the parlor to receive callers in—a proviso at which we all laughed.

This was "home" to us after the labor of the day. Indeed and in truth, Katy made the place so charming that we forgot everything when we got to it. She improvised cunning little things out of trifles that are usually thrown away as useless, and the flowers growing in broken pots in our window were a glory to behold. She always had a fresh book or periodical on our table, and better than this, she brought to us the larger cultivation, and the purer taste, which taught us how to use opportunities within our reach.

Above everybody Katy's gloves were a marvel to us. She never wore any but good quality, and always the same color—a brownish neutral tint, that harmonized with almost any dress—but just now a new pair would seem to be the one thing needful, from the appearance of the ones she brought out.

She sat and patiently mended the little rents, while I read aloud, and when she had finished, the gloves looked almost new.

The next day was Saturday, and we had a half holiday. Katy and I went to make some trifling purchases, and on our way home stopped at the big boarding-house, to see one of the girls who was ill.

When we came out Katy ran across the street to get a magazine from the news-shop and came hurrying up to overtake me before I turned the corner. She had the magazine open, and one of her hands was ungloved; but it was not until we reached home that she found she had lost a glove. It was too late then to go out and look for it. We went and searched the next morning, but could not find it.

Katy mourned for it.

"It was my only pair, girls," said she tragically; "and it is a loss that cannot be repaired."

* * * * * *

What people call a "panic" had occured in financial circles in the spring after Arthur Craig has lost his Katy, and almost without a day's warning he found himself a poor man. He left his affairs in the hands of his creditors—having satisfied himself that they could gather enough from the wreck to save themselves—and set his face to the city.

He had been educated for a physician, though fortune made a merchant of him. Learning from a friend that there was an opening from a doctor in Fenwick, he came thither and began to practice.

Doctor Sewell had gone off on a visit, leaving his patients in charge of the new doctor; and so it came about that one Saturday evening he was on his way to visit Maggie Lloyd, the sick girl at the lodging-house, when, just after turning the corner near the news-shop, he saw a brown glove lying on the pavement. He was about to pass it by; but a man's instinct to pick up anything of value that seems to have no owner, made him put it in his pocket. He forgot all about it the next moment.

But when he had made his call and returned to his consulting room, in taking a paper from his pocket the glove fell out, and he picked it up and looked at it with idle curiosity.

It was old, but well preserved. It had been mended often, but so neatly as to make him regard mending as one of the fine arts. It had a strangely familiar look to him. Little, and brown, and shapely, it lay on his knee, bearing the very form of the hand that had worn it.

He looked at the little glove a long time. He had thought it might belong to one of the factory girls, as he found it in the lodging-house. He would ask Maggie Lloyd, at any rate; so he put it carefully in his pocket until he should make his calls the next morning.

He had suffered the glove to become so associated with the memory of a past sacred to him, that he felt his cheek burn and his hand tremble, as he drew it forth to show it to Maggie, who was sitting, in the comfort of convalescence, in an arm chair by the window, watching the handsome young doctor write the prescription for her benefit.

"By the way, Miss Maggie, do you know whose glove this is?"

Maggie knew it at once. It was Miss Gardiner's glove.

"Miss Gardiner!"

The name made his heart beat again.

"Is she one of the factory hands?"

"Yes; but she lodges with Mrs. Howell quite out of town, almost; she was here to see me yesterday!"

"Oh, I see!" said he, not the most relevantly. "And can you tell me how to find Mrs. Howell's house? I suppose I could go by and restore this glove to its owner."

Maggie thought this unnecessary trouble; but she gave the required direction, and he went out, saying to himself, "It can't be my Katy, of course; but the glove shall go back to its owner."

* * * * * *

Mary and Lizzie went to church that Sunday morning. Katy declared she couldn't go, having but one glove. I stayed at home with her, and offered to keep Mrs. Howell's children for her, and so permitted that worthy woman to attend worship with the girls.

And this is how it came about, that while we were having a frolic on the carpet with the children in Mrs. Howell's room, we heard a ring at the door; and Bridget having taken herself off somewhere, there was no help but for one of us to answer the summons.

"You go, Katy," whispered I, in disgust. "I cannot appear."

Katy glanced serenely at her own frizzy head in the looking-glass, gave a pull at her overskirt and a touch to her collar, and opened the door.

Immediately afterwards I was shocked by hearing her utter a genuine feminine scream and seeing her drop on the floor; and that man, a perfect stranger to me, gathered her up in his arms, and began raving over her in a manner that astonished me. He called her "his darling," and "his own Katy," and actually kissed her before I could reach her.

What shall I say further?

Only that Katy lives in the pretty house in the town known as Doctor Craig's residence, where we three girls have a home whenever we want it.

And there are no liquors found on her sideboard nor at her table.

One day I heard Arthur say:

"You were a silly child, Kate, to run away from me. I should have given up the point at last, I know."

"But there would have been the splendid cellar and the ten thousand a-year," answered she. "It would have been such a temptation. We are safer as it is, dear."

◆

Ancient Boys at School.—At seven years of age the Roman boys studied Greek and Latin grammar together. The sons of centurions went to school at five a. m., with their satchels and counting tables swung over their shoulder, and studied in school-rooms on the ground floor, where they were so well and thoroughly flogged that their howls aroused the neighbors at very unreasonable hours. Martial, and other satirists, spoke of their cries and blubberings as one of the chief nuisances of the early morning hours. The masters were great disciplinarians, and esteemed corporal punishment one of the chief means of inducting that precious boon, knowledge into dull heads. The ancient believed that boys were naturally vicious and required taming. So great a teacher as Plato laid down the axiom that "A boy was the most ferocious of animals." Others, like Quintilian, protested against undue flogging. Pictures found in Herculaneum show that the system of flogging was in vogue; also, that in some schools both sexes were together, althought the education of girls was comparatively neglected.

In the higher social circles girls were taught music and dancing, and other fashionable branches, as now-a-days. Tuition was very cheap, less than one cent a day. The boys had holidays in March and December, and a long vacation in the summer, from June 24 to October 19, much of which was spent with their parents at Roman Newports and Coney Islands. At fourteen they were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric, poetry, and belles-lettres generally, their previous efforts having been confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, with Greek and Latin grammar and verses. The younger children were taught their letters and numerals by means of small ivory blocks, as at the present day. The pay of a teacher was thirty dollars a year, about one hundred times less than that of a ballet dancer.

◆

Old Omens.—Even now there exist people who believe in omens. To enumerate the number in which our forefathers believed would be impossible; but we give a few which may be amusing to the young people. Stumbling in going down stairs or going out in the morning is very unlucky. It is a sign of ill luck to lay one's knife and fork crosswise; for sweethearts to interchange knives, as it will cut away their love; to present anybody with a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp instrument. To avoid ill consequences, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be given in return. To find a knife or razor is unlucky. That it is ill luck to find money, and worse to keep it, may seem paradoxical to many. It is lucky to find four-leaved clover, a piece of iron, an old horseshoe. Moles are indicative of good or bad fortune, according to their position on the body. A mole against the heart denotes wickedness; on the knee, a wealthy wife; on the nose, a traveler; on the lower jaw of a woman, sorrow and pain; in the middle of the forehead, a discourteous and cruel mind; on the right side of the forehead, command, esteem and honor; on the left, near hair, misery; on the left, near middle of forehead, persecutions from superior; on the lip, a great eater; on the chin, riches; on the ear, riches and respect; on the right breast, poverty; near the bottom of nostrils, good luck; on left foot, rashness; right foot, wisdom; on the wrist or hand, an ingenious mind; near side of chin, an amiable disposition; many moles between wrist and elbow, many crosses will end in prosperity.

◆

About 2 o'clock on a January night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm-house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanting, when the following interesting dialogue occured: "Have you any hay, Mr.——?", "Plenty of it." "Have you plenty of corn?" "Yes." "Oats?" "Yes." "Any butter?" "Yes." "Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are useful things in the family." The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

◆

"Ma, is Mr. Thompson respectable?"—"Certainly, my child; why do you ask that question?"—"Because he wears such poor clothes."—"You should not judge persons by their clothes; none but silly people do that."—"Then everybody's silly, ain't they, ma?"

Bric-a-Brac.

Drinking Glasses.—The drinking glasses of the middle ages, made at Venice, were said to possess the peculiar property of breaking into shivers if poison were put into them.

Going to Law.—They have a curious way of deciding law suits in Siam; both parties are put under cold water, and the one staying longest wins the suit.

Wedding Ring Mottoes.—The following are some old wedding ring mottoes: "My beloved is mine and I am hers;" "God send her me my wife to be;" "This hath no end, my sweetest friend;" "This ring is a token I give to thee, that thou no tokens do change for me;" "Our loves be so, no ending know."

Eating Boots.—Some princes have made punishments quite amusing—to all except the person most concerned. Thus, Don Carlos, son of Philip II., of Spain, irritated at the pain caused him by a pair of tight boots, had them cut up and served in a stew, which the unfortunate bootmaker was compelled to eat to the last morsel.

Turkish Children.—No Turkish child is allowed to know just how old he is for fear that astrologers will make bad use of the knowledge. Hence the recruiting officers determine the age of the youthful volunteers for themselves. They measure the youth's neck with a string. If the circumference is more than the length of the face, he is deemed old enough for the army.

The Wolf King.—In parts of Europe, country people assert, as a well known fact, that wolves are occasionally in the habit of selecting one particular whelp from a litter, which they carefully conceal in some secure place, and feed with live animals. The wolf thus fed grows strong and vigorous, and subsequently becomes the leader or king of the pack, heading them on all occasions, and directing their operations.

A Cruel Autocrat.—The King of Abyssinia cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet and hands of people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. You can buy nothing without the King's order; and no one will shelter you without his order—in fact, no more complete despotism could exist. It cannot last; for the King will go on from one madness to another.

Greek Children.—Children born in ancient Greece were named upon the seventh day; birthday feasts appear to have been usual. Lacedæmonian nurses were much sought after by wealthy Grecians, because they had the reputation of bringing up children without swaddling clothes, and making the boys hardy and courageous. Cradles were used for the infants, just as they are now, and the babies were quieted with honey, much as our noisy little ones are bribed with sugar.

Attar of Roses.—In Persia roses are planted in rows in fields, and the roses are gathered before midday and distilled in pot stills, with twice their weight of water. The water which comes over is placed in open vessels, covered with a damp light cloth to keep out flies and dust and set to cool, just as we set milk to throw up cream. In the morning a thin film of oil will have risen to the surface, which is carefully swept off with a feather and carefully transferred to a vial. This is the attar. This process is repeated daily during the blooming season. Women and children do this work, or rather enjoy the profitable amusement.

Chinese Printing.—The blocks are all of the same size, about eight inches by twelve inches, and about half an inch thick. Each block represents two leaves or four pages of the book, being engraved on both sides. The blocks for a complete work can thus be stowed away in a very small compass. The cost of engraving a page of these wooden blocks is said to be but little more than the expense of setting up a page of Chinese type and preparing it for the press. An edition of one copy can be printed if no more are required, and thus the expense of keeping a large stock of printed books on hand, some of which might eventually have to be sold as waste paper is avoided.

A Knowing Dog.—A gentleman tells this story of his dog: On each morning as I leave home for my business, my dog sees me out, and when the door is shut he goes quietly and takes his customary morning nap. But on Sunday morning, no sooner is the street door closed than he rushes up to my bedroom and gets his fore feet and head out of the window, watches, and when he sights me his joy is frantic. He has been told not to go in the kitchen in the morning, as there is cooking going on, and he always adheres to this rule, but enters in the evening. He never watches out of the window except on Sunday, and never enters the kitchen except in the evening.

The Sword of Damocles.—Damocles was a courtier of the elder Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse. Having extolled the happiness caused by the possession of wealth and power, Dionysius gave him a striking illustration of the real nature of such seeming happiness by placing him at a table loaded with delicacies and surrounded by all the insignia of royalty; but in the midst of his magnificent banquet Damocles, chancing to look upwards, saw a sharp and naked sword suspended over his head by a single horse hair. Damocles was afraid to stir, lest the hair should break and the sword fall on him. The banquet, therefore, was a tantalizing torment, and Dionysius thus intimated that the lives of kings are threatened every hour of the day.

PLENTY.

BY THOMAS EARP.

I come with the sunshine, I lurk in the shadow;
I come with the soft warm rain;
I nurture the richness of upland and meadow;
I nourish and ripen the grain.
The south wind's my henchman, the blue sky's my banner,
And Earth is the darling I love;
At noontide I waft scented breezes to fan her,
And I brood her at night like a dove.

Bright hope, in the spring-time, with blossoms I cherish;
The summer with roses I crown;
And to autumn give cheer, that the poor may not perish,
When the snow-clouds of winter sweep down,
In vineyard and cornfield with welcome I'm greeted,
Where joyous are laughter and song;
And hearts warm and thankful, for blessings repeated,
Soft vespers at nightfall prolong.

I love to give more than the reapers can gather;
When harvest-time gladdens the land;
That the rich may remember, when thanking "Our Father,"
To leave for the poor gleaner's hand.
I joy in the fulness of orchard and garden,
With fruit hanging ripe in the air;—
So spreading my bounty, that no heart may harden,
And none be left out of my care.

Evelyn's Gift.

BY JULIUS L. THATCHER.

"COME in!"

Ralph Grantley's face had been buried in his hands, but a sharp rat-tat! caused him to look up.

The door of his room opening, gave admittance to a spare, dapper little man, dressed in an iron-gray suit, and with iron-gray hair and whiskers, who with a hasty bow deposited his hat, umbrella, and a little black bag upon a sidetable.

"Mr. Grantley, I presume?' he said, bowing again, and bustling across the room with a quick, uneven step.

"That is my name!" replied Ralph, fixing his haggard eyes upon the newer comer. "May I ask the business which brings you here?"

"Certainly, my dear sir! My name is Bowles, of the firm of Clark, Standish, and Bowles, solicitors, I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Grantley, and beg to wish you a happy—a very happy New Year!"

"Have you come here to mock me?" asked the young man, with clenched hands and flushed cheeks.

"Dear me, no! Certainly not!"

"Then you are not acquainted with my circumstances?"

"Well—really—I—a——"

"Then if you are" continued Ralph, fiercely, "what is it but mockery to wish 'a happy New Year' to a beggar like myself—bankrupt alike in purse and expectations?"

"My dear sir, I——"

"Your business relates to money, of course?"

"Why, yes; I——"

"I guessed as much. Well, then, let me tell you it is vain to press me for payment. I have no money—no effects—no present means of obtaining even a bare livelihood. My grandfather, to whose inheritance I am lawful heir, has died, sir—died and left me not one farthing, but devised the whole of the estate to a distant relative, of whose very name I am as yet in ignorance."

"Yes, I knew that. I——"

"Oh! you knew that!" interrupted Ralph vehemently. "Perhaps you know, too, for what reason I have been disinherited?"

"No; but——"

"Then I will tell you. Nearly two years ago I was made a dupe of by a gang of villains, who, profiting by my ignorance of the world, fleeced me and involved me in some gambling transactions in which my conduct was made to bear a worse construction than it deserved. My grandfather came forward and by paying down a large sum of money effected my deliverance. It was my first folly—it has been my last. In spite of all, however, I have never been forgiven. He declared while he had power to help it his property should never fall into a gambler's hands. As time went on I thought that my conduct would diminish his resentment; but it was a vain hope. He has died, I tell you, and not left me one single farthing!"

Ralph spoke with so much bitterness and fury that Mr. Bowles began to feel somewhat alarmed.

"One moment," said he. "You think I come on behalf of your creditors?" "I am here about money, but it is for the purpose of paying—not receiving!"

Ralph looked at him in amazement.

"You are surprised, no doubt—but listen; as you have correctly enough stated, your lately deceased and much-lamented grandparent bequeathed the whole of his property real and personal to his sister's granddaughter, Miss Evelyn Donington."

"I did not know the name, nor did I wish. What has it to do with me, Mr—a——?"

"Bowles."

"Mr. Bowles, then, I ask what has this to do with me?"

"You will know directly. It is roughly estimated that the whole of the property left by the deceased would realize in round numbers a hundred thousand dollars. It appears that you and Miss Donington are the only surviving relatives—no one else has any claim. Miss Donington—who is, I should tell you, our client—knowing all this, and feeling the injustice of the will which deprives you of everything, has—contrary to our advice you understand—insisted upon having a deed of gift drawn up."

"A deed of gift?"

"Yes, hear me out. With a spirit of romantic generosity and Quixotic equity, which seems to me ridiculous, she insists upon taking only one half of the inheritance—the other moiety she gives to you, as being rightly your own."

Stunned and bewildered by these unexpected tidings, Ralph could do nothing but glare incredulously at Mr. Bowles, who rising from his seat, took from the little black bag a parchment document, which he spread out upon the table.

"Here" he said, "here is the deed of gift, by virtue of which half of your grandfather's property is yours. The lady Miss Donington says that fifty thousand dollars is an ample fortune for anyone—and especially one in her position."

"Her position is what?"

"From her earliest years a struggling one When she received the news of her good fortune, she held the situation of nursery governess."

"Nursery governess! Then she is young?"

"Yes: you might have guessed that. It is only the young who can be actuated by such generous impulses as these."

"She must have a noble spirit," said Ralph, much affected. "And now the address of Miss Donington?"

"She is at the Hall. In accordance with our advice, but against her inclinations, she has gone down there and taken formal possession."

"Then," said Ralph, shaking the lawyer by the hand, "I am off by the next train!"

* * * * * *

It was fast growing dark when Ralph Grantley, having inquired for Miss Donington, was shown into the drawing-room at his grandfather's residence—a substantial red-bricked mansion, known simply in the vicinity as "The Hall."

A servant entering with lights disturbed his meditations, and immediately afterwards there was a soft rustle of silk and crape, and the heiress stood before him.

He bowed deeply, but Miss Donington was less ceremonious in her greeting. Advancing quickly with her hand outstretched, she said, gently and sweetly:

"It is kind of you, indeed, Mr. Grantley, to come so soon—very kind."

Ralph had taken her hand in his, and he retained it while she spoke. His pulse throbbed as he gazed upon the lovely face before him; and her voice was so full of the sweetest music that he felt he could be content to listen to its tones for ever.

"I have come——" began Ralph; but his companion noting the graveness of his voice, hastened to interrupt him.

"Before you say anything more," she urged, gently, "give me the assurance that you bear no enmity towards me. Promise me that we will be friends."

"Would it be possible for anyone to say nay to such a request?" asked Ralph, enchanted by the appearance and manner of the heiress. "Believe me, my dearest wish is that we may be friends always."

Tears of joy rose to her eyes; but her face grew sadder as Ralph went on:

"There is one condition in our bond of friendship," he said, drawing forth the deed of gift while he spoke. "I am deeply touched by the rare generosity of spirit which prompted you to offer me one-half your fortune, and I shall thank you for it and bless you all my life; but I have come to give you this deed back, and to assure you that under no circumstances can I consent to the sacrifice you wish to make!"

"But it is made—the deed is done," she said, with quivering lips and glistening eyes. "I hope to be able to induce you to alter your decision. At any rate, you will allow me to offer you some refreshment, and invite you to accept the shelter of the Hall for to-night. There is no train back to town until to-morrow morning. It is so lonely here in this great house with only Mrs. Bates—an old friend of my mother's—to talk to. Let us occupy ourselves this evening with speaking of the future, for you know you have promised that we shall be friends."

Who could resist such tender words and pleading looks? Certainly not Ralph, for he was already conscious that for good or evil Evelyn Donington would influence all his future. Charmed by her grace and beauty—subjugated by her winning ways—Ralph for the first time knew what it was to love.

The next morning, when he stood in the hall, wishing his beautiful cousin good bye, it was clear that her influence had not been sufficient to cause him to change his determination. It had brought about some kind of compromise: for holding both her hands in his, and gazing ardently into her face, he said, in tender accents:

"Do not doubt me, dear cousin—do not imagine this is any passing fancy. Love is a plant of quick growth, Evelyn, and you have only to be seen to be loved by everyone—how much the more, then, by me? Remember our compact—that for the present nothing more is to be said about the division of the property—that you will let me see you and speak to you very, very often; that at the end of six months I shall come forward to accept the deed of gift, but upon the condition that when I take it I shall take the giver too—that you will then fix the day when you will make my happiness complete by becoming my wife!"

And Evelyn looked up with a bright smile on her lips and a pleased look in her eyes, that showed—short as had been her acquaintance with Ralph Grantley—he was already far from indifferent to her.

A HUNGRY man longs to eat and the glutton eats too long.

At The Grave.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

AT the foot of a great oak which stretched its pendant green branches protectingly over her, was seated a fair young girl. A short distance away through the trees could be seen the towers of the stately residence which was her home.

But though the child of wealth and luxury, it was evident that Mabel Low was not happy, for her brows were contracted with a look of pain, and her lustrious blue eyes were full of tears.

A footfall broke the silence, and with a start Mabel sprang to her feet.

"My darling, I thought that I should find you here in your favorite nook."

A young man with a happy handsome face spoke these words, and as he did so he endeavored to clasp her in his arms, but Mabel drew back.

"No, Royal," she said, trying in vain to render her voice steady, "you must not."

"Must not embrace my betrothed! Why, Mabel, that is strange indeed!"

His face still wore its happy smile as if he thought she jested.

The girl hesitated a moment as though to gain calmness, and then she said slowly:

"I came here to-day, Royal, knowing that I should see you, and with the intention of telling you something which causes me great pain. It is this—our engagement must be broken—I can never be your wife. My mother is very ill—so dangerously that the least excitement might kill her—and she has set her heart upon my marrying my cousin, Mr. Doane."

Royal recoiled as if stricken by a sharp blow, then a bitter laugh broke from his lips.

"I see! If you marry Doane the two estates which lie so conveniently adjacent to each other will be made one. As for me—I am only an unknown artist—it is no wonder that the wealthy Mrs. Low should look higher for her daughter!"

A cry of anguish burst from Mabel. Her voice broke, and clasping her to him Royal looked earnestly into her lovely upturned face.

He read there that no words that he might utter could change her resolution.

"Oh, my darling! it is cruel! Is there no hope of your mother's releasing you from her commands?"

Mabel shook her head.

"I have told you, Royal, how feeble she is—if I thwarted her now I should never forgive myself. We must say farewell——"

She broke off with a sob, and raising her soft lips she pressed them one moment to his in a last, lingering caress; then breaking from his embrace she left him.

Sinking upon the rustic seat near, the young man thought long and despondently. How long he remained there lost in thought he knew not. At last he rose and walked slowly away.

The next week Mabel received a short note telling her that by that time he would be far away, as he had accepted an invitation which had been extended to him by some friends to join them on a tour abroad.

News from home frequently reached Royal, and sometimes in the letters which he received Mabel's name would be mentioned.

He heard that preparations were being made for her approaching marriage, and then later, that her mother had suddenly died.

The young man had tried ever since their last interview to drive the haunting sweetness of Mabel Low's face from his mind, but in vain. Day and night it rose before him.

At length he received a letter from a friend containing the following sentences:

"Have you heard of Arthur Doane's sudden marriage? Much to his parents' rage and every one's surprise—for you know he was engaged to his cousin—he has married a young girl who was governess to his sisters. You can imagine what a sensation it made."

That was all, but it was enough to cause a glad hope to spring suddenly to life in Royal's heart.

Confident of Mabel's love, he felt that after all the future still held happiness for them both.

But though he longed to return home immediately and try his fate once more, he was unable to do so, for he had engaged to travel a couple of months more.

It happened that an artist friend named Reginald Eaton was about to start for home; so to him he entrusted a message to Mabel, together with some of the sketches he had made of the exquisite scenery through which he had traveled.

Meanwhile for Mabel the time during which she had been separated from Royal had brought with it serious changes.

First she had been called upon to mourn her mother's death, and then had come the news of her cousin's sudden and unexpected marriage.

Since the few lines in which he had bidden her farewell she had not heard from Royal; but the girl was waiting for his return with an expectant heart, longing to tell him that she was free, and that the love she had once cherished for him still lived.

The days went by, till one morning the papers were filled with accounts of a terrible railroad accident.

A train had been thrown off the line, and a great many passengers had been seriously injured, and some killed.

With dilated eyes and a face ghastly with horror, Mabel read of one gentleman who had been crushed beyond recognition, but who was supposed to be an artist named Royal Esmond as his clothes were marked with the initials "R. E.," and some sketches in oil bearing that name were found in his trunk.

A few moments later a servant coming into the room found Mabel stretched senseless upon the floor, while grasped tightly in her hand was the paper in which she had read the fatal news.

* * * * * *

Royal Esmond joyfully started for his home.

His rough life in the mountains had improved his appearance.

Unrecognized he passed through the familiar streets on his way to the dwelling of her whose dear image had never left his constant heart.

He found that Mabel was not at home, and on being told that she had gone to the cemetery he turned his steps that way, thinking to find her by her mother's grave.

He entered the sacred enclosure, and recognised some distance away, bending near a stately marble monument, the slight black robed figure of her he sought.

Drawing gently near, to his unspeakable surprise he read upon the stone his own name.

Unconscious of the near presence of anyone, and believing herself alone with the dead, Mabel gave utterance to the grief which filled her breast.

Bending lower, so that her heavy veil fell over and shadowed the gravestone, she moaned softly to herself—

"Oh, Royal, my love, my love, look down from heaven and pity your poor Mabel!"

With an exclamation Royal sprang to her side and clasped her passionately to his heart.

With a frightened, startled look Mabel recognised him.

It was too much for her frail strength, and in her lover's arms she swooned and lay like an exquisite marble image.

But joy seldom kills, and an hour later Mabel sat with her hand close clasped in Royal's, with cheeks to whose pure surface the rich color had again returned, and with eyes whose azure depths disclosed unmistakably the rapture which had driven away their sadness.

All was soon explained that had seemed strange.

By a singular coincidence the initials of the poor young artist who had lost his life in the railroad disaster, and to whom Royal had entrusted the message and sketches for Mabel, were the same as his own, and thus it was that the mistake as to his identity had arisen.

Thus, as is often the case, had true love triumphed at last over all adverse circumstances.

THE LAW AND BLOOD.—Among Jews there is a code of laws for slaying animals for the use of men based on the Bible and Talmud. The essence of this code is something after the following outline:

The steps shall be continuous; any interruption, however minute, in the process being likely to prolong the suffering of the animal, will render it unfit for food. The incision shall be made by a to and fro stroke, without any pressure beyond what is necessary to carry the knife down to the required depth. The incision in the skin shall accurately coincide in length with the deeper portion, so as to leave no "tail" to the wound; for the skin being the most sensitive tissue, humane considerations for the animal forbid that it shall be needlessly wounded. It is forbidden that any tissue be torn or jagged. The slayer of cattle is bound to set his instrument with so much care that it shall exceed in keenness the edge of the razor; and so great is the earnestness evinced in the fulfilment of this law, that his attention is specially directed to it, so that he may detect with his finger nail the smallest notch on the edge of his knife; and as a test of his care and skill in the operation, he is required again to inspect his knife after the completion of it, when if the instrument be found notched in the slightest degree, the principle is considered to have been violated and the flesh is abandoned.

The candidate for the license to slaughter is bound to undergo a lengthened education, of which a kind of rough anatomy forms a part, and is afterwards called upon to prove his competency to the satisfaction of the appointed authorities. The Talmudic laws require that the animal shall be deprived of life by the sweep which shall at once sever, more or less completely, the windpipe and gullet, and so fulfil the Biblical command; "Only ye shall not eat the blood, ye shall pour it upon the earth as water."

OUR adoption of British fashions is as uncomfortable as it is silly. Americans should dress in the French fashion, as the climate of the two countries more closely approximate. Furthermore, we are more like the French in physique, manners, and tastes. But, save in a few places perhaps, a man dressed in the French style, loose trousers, gay-colored gaiters, flowing necktie and loose cuffs, is something of an exhibition that all classes of promenaders, from grave to gay, take the utmost latitude in staring out of countenance and saluting with comments, from lively to severe. The great charm of Parisian promenades is the perfect freedom of taste displayed. The Parisian claims the right of emphasizing his individuality in dress, and he admits the same right in others. You shall see sauntering along the broad walks the costumes of all nations—but no man stares, even should the turbaned Turk, the gaberdined Israelite or the winged gowns of the Orientals pass in the procession.

IT is a mere idle declaration about consistency to represent it as a disgrace to a man to confess himself wiser to-day than yesterday.

"IT IS WELL."

BY A. W. CROWELL.

She leaned upon the garden gate;
Nature was sinking into rest;
Impatient murmured, "He is late,
The sun is sinking in the west."
She hummed a tender little song;
The evening sky was all aflame,
Then, sighing, said, "He tarries long."
(He never came, he never came.)

The moon was rolling overhead,
The waveless air was damp and chill;
"Ah! is he false?" she sobbing said,
While tears the eager eyes did fill.
The town-clock tolled the hour of one;
She left the gate, with breaking heart,
And knew that now, the vigil done,
Their paths in life lay far apart.

She sought her way with viewless eyes,
And groping hands along the walk,
That oft had list'ned to the sighs
Breathed by the pair in loving talk.
No tear-drops from the dim eyes fell,
To ease the bitter pain within.
The white lips murmured, "It is well;"
Rebellious heart, "What might have been?"

The morning came; the sun arose,
Enshrouded in a sea of mist.
'Tis her last day on earth she knows,
For ere the western hills are kissed
By his round face, her soul will be
In spirit-land. As twilight fell
She glided o'er the jasper sea;
The kind moon whispered, "It is well."

My Friend's Wife.

BY CHARLES NAYLOR.

I CAN'T remember the time when Willie Chancellor and myself were not fast friends. In childhood and youth it was the same.

But those halcyon days passed only too quickly, and we found ourselves, as it seemed, very suddenly, men with the work of life before us.

Willie's was not likely to be hard, for he was an only son, and heir to a very fine old property; whilst I had three big brothers ahead of me.

"People must put their pride in their pockets now-a-days," my father said when it was a question of what was to become of me. "I have given you an education, Reggie, and you must do the rest. Put your pride in your pocket, like a good many more, and take up some trade. For instance, one hears of a good many gentlemen's sons who are engineers——"

"I know," I said; "and anything would be better than passing my life on a high stool in front of a desk."

And so, after some further discussion, this was decided on, and I was sent as a pupil to a well-known engineer in the north of England. Thus I and my faithful friend were separated; and I was lucky enough to get plenty to do when I set up on my own account later; the only holidays I could afford myself were a week in the shooting season, and three days at Christmas.

We were both of us bad correspondents, too, so to outward appearances our friendship was languishing, when I one day, to my great surprise, received a letter from Willie to say that he was married, and must insist upon my going to Birching at once to be introduced to his wife.

He proceeded to explain that Mrs. William Chancellor had a large old-fashioned house, and a few acres of land of her own in that parish; and he and Ray intended to make the Manor House their home.

Knowing my friend to be very fastidious, and difficult to please, I must own I was very curious to see his wife. As I was not especially busy at the time, I wrote off at once and accepted his invitation, fixing the day and the hour I should reach Birching with the exactitude of a business man. I expected him to be at the station to meet me, and was not, therefore, surprised to see him standing on the platform as the train drew up.

His head was thrust through the open window before I had time to alight.

"How do you do, old boy? Delighted to see you!" he exclaimed, in his genial, affectionate way. "I have only wanted you to complete my happiness. I sha'n't let you go under a month. Is that all you have brought in the way of luggage?" as the porter hauled out my portmanteau from under the seat.

"Yes," I answered, laughing; "bachelors never have much; and, besides, I cannot spare more than four days, upon my word."

"Pshaw!" he said. "Ray will settle that. Come along; I've a dog-cart waiting outside, and we shall be late for dinner if we do not make haste."

We had a glorious drive through the dusky lanes.

Coming straight from a large manufacturing town, the sweet brisk air, the vague perfume of the newly-turned soil, were delightful, and I was quite sorry when Willie pointed out what looked like a black blot on the landscape, and said:

"There's the Manor House; we shall be home in five minutes."

We turned in at the lodge-gate, drove up a short avenue, and stopped in front of the door, which flew open at our approach, and showed a brilliantly-lighted hall, furnished with old-fashioned oak chairs and settles.

Willie sprang down, threw the reins to his groom, and led the way into the house, shouting—

"Ray, Ray! where are you."

A door on the upper landing opened, a fair face bent over the balusters, and then down came Willie's wife with demure, quiet steps, and a pretty air of dignity as became a married lady.

The great blue eyes were lifted shyly to mine for a second, and then she held out her hand, and said, with diffident grace, that was very taking:

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Joyce. I have heard so much about you from my husband that I hope you won't be dreadfully shocked if 'Reggie' slips out presently unawares. It doesn't seem natural to call you anything else."

"Then pray don't try, if you wish to gratify me very much," I answered; and then Willie hurried me upstairs to my room, where the man-servant was already unstrapping my portmanteau; and, telling me not to stay to 'beautify much, as dinner was overdue, he went off to his own dressing-room with the haste of a very hungry man.

I am not particular, but since eating is a necessity of nature one may as well get some enjoyment out of it; and seeing that Willie's wife was a new housekeeper, and looked too ornamental to be useful, I had very melancholy anticipations as to the kind of meal that would be set before us.

But I had done Madame Ray cruel injustice. The dinner was perfection; and as I scrutinized my hostess more attentively, I saw that, in spite of her blonde beauty, which gave her a childish air, she had a capable face, and rather a decided little mouth and chin. She talked well, too, evidently without aiming at effect, and appearing to be as modest as she was intelligent and cultivated.

Willie made her sing "Auld Lang Syne" after dinner, and she rendered it very sweetly. There were tears in my friend's eyes as he held out a hand to each of us, and said, with suppressed emotion—

"The present is worth all the past put together. There's not a man in England I would change with this night."

His happy, honest words were ringing in my ears as I undressed, I feeling weary enough, but strangely disinclined to sleep. Ray's face haunted me somehow. I had observed her a good deal during the evening, and, in spite of her frequent smiles, she gave me the idea of having some weight on her mind—a part to play which troubled and oppressed her.

I told myself this was an absurd delusion; but I could not argue myself out of the impression.

She never met her husband's glance fully and frankly; I was positive as to that. And though her manner to him was particularly soft and affectionate, she seemed to shrink a little at his caresses, almost as if she felt they were undeserved.

I puzzled over the matter till I worked myself into such a fever of restlessness I could no longer bear the confinement of my room. There was a door near mine leading, by a flight of stone steps, into the garden, and I thought I might manage to unlock this without disturbing anyone, and cool my hot head by a turn in the moonlit shrubberies.

I put on my ulster to hide all deficiencies in my toilette, and stole out on tiptoe. To my surprise the door was unbolted, and, turning the handle softly, I found myself standing under the starry dome of heaven, with the delicious night air beating on my face.

It was clear that burglars were unknown at Birching, or my charming hostess would not have retired to rest without seeing that her domain was more secure; so I might venture, I thought, just to go to the end of the shrubbery without feeling anxious. But I had only just time to get behind a dark clump of trees, whose bare branches were so thickly interlaced that, although bare of foliage, they cast a black shadow across the path, when my further progress was suddenly arrested by the sound of voices close by.

An impulse I could not account for made me draw back suddenly, and conceal myself behind the trunk of one of the trees, whilst I kept a clear lookout, being persuaded there was some mystery here it behooved me to solve, for in one of the figures I had recognised, with surprise, my friend's young wife.

Her companion was a man, evidently young, from his figure. His back was toward me, but I could see Ray Chancellor's face dimly in the moonlight, and knew that she was painfully agitated. He bent over her tenderly, speaking a few low, earnest words I could not catch, and then they came slowly toward my hiding-place, arm-in-arm.

I drew still further back into the shadow, but I took good care not to lose a single word or movement of these two. I noticed, as they drew nearer, that the young man was carrying a spade, swung across one of his shoulders, and drooped his head a good deal, like one who is troubled and depressed.

Heaven knows that if I sought to penetrate this mystery it was not from idle curiosity, but simply that I might save Willie's domestic happiness from shipwreck, without, if possible, his having the pain of knowing that it had been in danger. This was my sole motive for playing the spy upon his wife, and hushing my very breath to catch the conversation that was going on between those two as they paused momentarily within three yards of where I stood. My heart beat like a sledge-hammer, my limbs trembled under me, as I distinctly heard the man say:

"It was an unfortunate necessity, Ray, and grieves me more than it can grieve you, since I had to be the executioner; but if I had not shot him he would have betrayed us."

"I suppose so," she answered, dejectedly; "but it will be a long time before I shall get over it."

"You must try and forget it and me, Ray. They say 'out of sight out of mind;' and after I have gone there will be nothing to remind you of this troubled time, unless ——"

"Well, go on," urged Mrs. Chancellor, breathlessly.

"Unless they come upon the grave," he said.

"The gardener has no occasion to dig in that part of the grounds, so you need not be afraid. What I feel most, naturally, is having to deceive my husband."

"Then why don't you wash your hands of me, Ray? This is what I have been advising you to do for a long time."

"You know how much that advice is worth," she answered, in a tone of some irritation. "I wouldn't if I could, and I couldn't if I would. But I must go in now, in case my husband should wake and miss me. It would be fatal for you if he did, for if he were to question me I am afraid I should blurt out the whole truth."

"Well, and what then?" asked her companion.

"I am afraid to think. He is so honorable and sensitive, that I do not fancy he would make allowances for either of us. But you will write to me as soon as you can, won't you, dear?"

"Will it be safe?"

"Perfectly, for Willie never asks to see my correspondence."

"Very well, then, I will write the first opportunity. Heaven bless you, Ray, and don't be anxious about me. I am going to make a new start, upon my honor, and you shall be proud of me yet."

"I am sure of it," she cried, as she hung round his neck, and kissed him boldly again and again. "I could not let you go so far from me unless I were."

A few whispered words, another close embrace, and they parted, the young man walking briskly away down the avenue, Ray making for the house. I waited for a few minutes, and then feeling that I had had more air that night than was good for my head, I innocently followed my hostess, and was foolish enough to be quite surprised when I found the door by which I had made my egress securely fastened against me.

But it was no use grumbling, and at all costs I must keep moving. However, I don't think my philosophy would have been much use to me without my cigar-case, which was, happily, well furnished. I smoked my way through the dreary hours until dawn broke, and then the household began to stir, and presently I was able to creep indoors, and make my way, undetected to my own room.

I threw myself on the bed then, and slept so heavily that the dressing-bell and breakfast-bell both found me equally unresponsive; and if Willie had not drummed on my door as he went down, I don't much fancy I should have put in an appearance before luncheon-time.

Ray was seated behind the silver urn as I entered, and dodged round it to give me one of her sweet, and, alas! false smiles.

"I hope you have slept well, Mr. Joyce. I can assure you my husband was so done up he has never so much as once stirred all night."

"All the worse for him!" was my mental comment.

"I talked so much it tired me," laughed Willie. "It's wonderfully jolly being all three together like this!"

I glanced toward Ray as he spoke; and though I believed her to be the *confidante*, if not the accomplice, of a murderer, and perfidious to the core, I was struck by the wistful tenderness of her eyes as they turned on Willie. If she had loved her husband there was less excuse for her really, no doubt, and yet, somehow, it seemed to make her look less guilty to me. A woman who could help being touched by his devotion, or impressed by his virtues, must have been a monster of ingratitude and obtuseness.

"I never told you how it was we came to get married in such a hurry," said Willie, as we discussed the excellent fare set before us with leisurely enjoyment. "Ray was so impatient——"

"For shame, Willie!" exclaimed his wife, laughing and blushing.

"Well, perhaps it would be nearer the truth if I said I was; and circumstances were all in my favor. Ray had been living with an aunt since she left school—the wife of a colonel in the army. His regiment was ordered out to India, and Ray had made up her mind to follow their fortunes, when I came upon the scene; and she fell so violently in love with me at first sight ——"

"You mendacious individual! I didn't like the looks of you at all that first evening."

"You quite spoil my story Ray," he complained, laughingly. "Let me tell it in my own way, and you can make your corrections afterwards. Where was I? Oh! I know. Well, when I saw the poor dear had taken the complaint badly, and might go into consumption or something of that sort if she met with no encouragement, I determined to sacrifice myself; and as 'he gives twice who gives quickly,' according to the Latin primer, I offered myself to Ray the third time I had ever seen her."

"Very quick work," I put in, interjectionally.

Willie went on:

"The Colonel was obliged to sail in three weeks, and therefore, after a good deal of hesitation on my part, of course, it was finally settled that the affair should come off before he left England. It was a great risk for me, naturally, as I knew very little of Ray, and she might have turned out a terrible vixen, you know; but"—with a sigh of comical resignation—"I thought I would take my chance. Her aunt told me, confidentially and pathetically, that she would not have taken the responsibility of delaying the marriage, for Ray was so entirely wrapped up in me——"

"There, I think you have told quite enough stories this morning," interrupted his wife, rising. "Won't you come into the garden and look at my flowers, Mr. Joyce?"

"In that case I will fast write my letters and join you presently," Willie said. "Only you must look after Ray, old boy. There's fever in the village, and I had to use all my authority yesterday morning to prevent her from going to visit the sufferers."

"You know I am not afraid of infection, and they say you never catch it unless you are."

"I won't allow you to run the risk, Ray, you know that quite well." And the look of infinite tenderness accompanying his words brought a strangely wistful smile to Ray's lips as she led the way out.

Assuredly she was an enigma. Either she was the best actress in England or I was a suspicious dolt. And under the charm of her presence I began to think the latter the most probable.

Willie joined us shortly, and drawing his wife's hand through his arm, we all three strolled out into the lanes. I found myself wondering if we passed near the grave, which must needs lie heavily on the girl's conscience, unless she were thoroughly hardened and depraved; but anyhow she gave no sign. She was evidently so well accustomed to deception that there was no fear of her betraying herself.

I watched her persistently the next three days, and she puzzled me more than ever. If I had gone quietly to bed like any other Christian the first night of my arrival at Birching, I should have believed Ray Chancellor to be a perfect angel. Everybody dinned her praises into my ears; and as for my poor friend, he was so completely glamored that I could only pray that he might never learn the truth, for I saw it would break his heart.

I suppose my manner was rather constrained and cold to her, in spite of my efforts to be cordial and polite—for Willie's sake; for one night, when we were sitting over the library fire, smoking, he said to me very wistfully:

"I don't think you like Ray, old friend. How is it?"

I started violently, and began to stammer out some confused explanations about "short acquaintance, you know—not taking readily to strangers," and all that sort of thing; but Willie stopped me by laying his hand gravely on my arm.

"You have some prejudice against her, Reggie—you cannot deny it. Ray has noticed this herself, and said to me only yesterday that she feared she must have offended you in some way, although she could not imagine how."

"She has always been most attentive and polite," I said.

"Then what is it?" and he looked me steadily in the eyes. "I wish you would tell me, Reggie. I am sure there is some mistake I could set right in a minute, if you would only be frank with me."

"I am sure there is nothing of the kind," I answered, rather irritably, for I was driven into a corner, and did not know how to extricate myself from the dilemma. "You are very unreasonable, that is all. I admire your wife immensely—she is the prettiest and most graceful woman I ever saw; but because I don't entirely lose my head you take all kinds of absurd ideas. I don't suppose you would like it any better if I were head-over-ears in love with her—should you?"

"I never had occasion to doubt your honor yet," he said, with pained gravity; "and there is a medium, you know."

"Yes, there is a medium," I repeated, by way of saying something, and puffed away furiously at my cigar.

Willie said no more, but I could see that he was hurt. I was not surprised that he should be, but I determined to give him the best proof of my affection I had ever given him yet, and hold my peace, even though my silence lost me my friend. It was better he should lose faith in me, than he should have one doubt of his wife's integrity or love.

We finished our cigars in silence, and then he held out his hand to me coldly, and we separated for the night. I was so troubled that I did not think to undress, but sat by my fire pondering until about one o'clock, when I was roused from my abstraction by hearing a cautious step pass my door. I listened intently, and caught the grating sound of a key turning in its lock; my lamp flickered as if from a sudden draught—then everything was quiet again. Without pausing to reflect, I rose from my seat, stole out on to the landing, and finding, as I expected, the door leading into the garden unfastened, I opened it softly, and hurried down the steps.

I had only one thought now—and that was to save this misguided unhappy girl, to appeal to her honor; to threaten, advise—cajole even, if necessary; anything so that I called her back to her duty, and redeemed poor Willie's happiness. The next morning I would quit Birching, never to return; and Willie would never know from my lips what had parted us. I would keep her secret faithfully, if only she would promise me that from henceforth she would be true to the husband who trusted her so blindly, and loved her so well.

Strong in the righteousness of my purpose, I followed her boldly; and just as she was stepping towards the man who sprang forward out of the shrubs to meet her, I interposed quietly between them. She utered a startled cry as she recognized me then suddenly, with a dignity I have never seen equaled, she waved her hand toward her companion, and said:

"Allow me to introduce you to my brother, Mr. Joyce."

"Your brother?" I echoed, incredulously.

"Yes, my brother, Captain Longford. I have a few words I wish to say to him alone, and my husband will explain everything to you to-morrow. I have been really anxious to save him pain and annoyance, and thought it better my brother should get out of the country before I took Willie into my confidence, but as everything is happily arranged now, there is no need for further concealment."

She would not have been a woman if she had not added very pointedly:

"Therefore you will be saved the annoyance of playing the spy again, as I am sure such a task must have been most painful to your feelings."

I did not seek to defend myself then; I simply bowed and left her. I knew she would not bear me malice when I was able to explain everything. And I was quite right.

Willie and I breakfasted alone next morning, and I must own I felt rather awkward, until he said, in his old frank, pleasant way:

"Ray says you have surprised some of her secrets, old fellow, and may as well know them all now. You were not aware that she had a brother, I suppose?"

"No; it was not my business to make inquiries of this sort."

"You would have heard of him, no doubt, only that he has been under a cloud lately. My wife would not tell me about it; she knows I have no sympathy with gamblers, and she had a foolish notion besides, that her brother's faults might prejudice me against her. She thought if he got out of the country everything would be hushed up, and the matter might never come to my ears. He was to exchange to a regiment in India, but unfortunately he owed a good deal more money than he had chosen to confess to her at first, and when his creditors got wind of his intentions they came down upon him in a body, and his escape was cut off. In this dilemma Jack flew, as usual, to his sister. If she had been single I daresay she would have sold her little property here to set him free; but she knew me too well, and what my opinion on the subject would be, to make such a proposition. It was finally settled between them that Jack was to get leave of absence, and make for Bologne as fast and secretly as he could. From there he would be able to propose terms to his creditors, and, perhaps save his commission. But I think, upon my honor, these reckless fellows have a Providence all to themselves; for, just as he was on the point of starting, he received a telegram to say that his godmother—an old woman whom he had never set eyes on for years—had died, and left him a legacy of ten thousand pounds."

"What luck to be sure!"

"Ah! and Ray thinks he has had a lesson this time, and may be trusted for the future. He is going to marry a very nice little girl, who will keep him straight, if anyone can—that is one good thing."

"May I ask a question or two Willie, without hurting your feelings?"

"A dozen if you like, old boy," he answered, in a tone that showed a fearless faith in his young wife.

"Well, that first night I accidentally came upon your wife and Captain Longford in the garden, I heard him speak of having killed and buried some one."

"Ah, yes, old Rover. The poor brute was past enjoying life, but Ray would not have him killed because he had been a favorite dog of her father's. However, Jack found he could not come safely to the Manor House whilst Rover was prowling about the premises, as he was so noisily demonstrative in his welcome, and so shot him with an air-gun he had brought for the purpose, and so buried him under a tree. Ray was dreadfully distressed at first, but she sees now that it must have come to that before long, in any case, and is beginning, I think, to feel almost glad it is over. Have you any more questions to ask me, Reggie?"

"One more. Will your wife ever forgive me for having mistrusted her so?"

"I fancy she will, she confesses that appearances were decidedly against her; and then she had her revenge," concluded Willie, with a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes.

"How?"

"Why, she kept you out all one night," he said.

"She saw me, then, the first time?" I asked.

"Certainly; and had a mischievous pleasure, she acknowledges, in picturing your dismay when you found the door by which you had gone out shut against you, and were unable to regain your own room."

"I have to thank her for a twinge of rheumatism in my right shoulder," I answered, laughing; "but I have no doubt she really thought I needed the lesson, and was playing the spy for mere curiosity. It never struck her, I daresay, that I wanted to save my friend's wife out of love for my friend, and should never have betrayed her even to you, supposing she had given heed to my prayers and representations."

"Ray is generous and sensible both, and nearly does justice to your motives, Reggie, already. After you have had a little talk together, I am sure you will appreciate each other, and then my cup of happiness will be full," he finished, reaching out his hand, and grasping mine affectionately.

A year later I paid a second visit to the Manor House to stand godfather to Willie's son and heir. Jack and his wife were staying there, and as the former had never touched a card since his marriage, and was under excellent management, there seemed every hope of him.

Ray was very sweet and cordial, and called me "Reggie" quite naturally; but I must own she greatly enjoyed referring to my "Midnight Adventure," and would ask me with a shy little laugh if I still felt any rheumatism in my shoulder in consequence of the unfortunate accident that had happened to me on my first visit to the old Manor House.

A Leap Year Drive.

BY S. H. W.

IT was society night.

After the business had all been transacted, we girls gathered about in a circle to indulge in a little gossip.

Somehow our conversation turned to Mr. Hardshell, a reputed old bachelor, who lived in the great stone mansion on the hill, just back of the village.

"He's a splendid catch," declared May Ellis, "what a pity he doesn't choose a wife. If he could only be drawn into society."

"And why can't he be?" broke in Kate Winters, the prettiest and richest girl in town. "I have an idea."

"What is it?" we chorused.

"Well, you know this is leap year? Suppose we get up a ride, and let the girls invite the boys. Some one of us can invite Mr. Hardshell."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," everybody exclaimed at once.

"I intend to do it myself," said Kate. "You are all such weak vessels. He cannot more than say no, and I am sure that will not break my heart."

"But how will you ever bring it about?" we asked.

"Why, I shall go up there of course. I am not afraid of the bear. When shall the party be, say next Thursday?"

At last it was all arranged, and as we were about to separate for the night, Kate whispered in my ear—

"You must go with me, Nannie; I will call to-morrow at three."

Sure enough, the next day, promptly on time, Kate's dashing little turn-out stopped at our gate, and that young lady alighted, dressed in the most bewitching of costumes.

"He can't refuse you, Kate," I said, as I glanced admiringly at her rosy cheeks and dancing black eyes.

"I don't mean he shall," she replied; "oh, won't it be jolly! I intend to make such a guy of him that night. Of course he will be awfully simple and bashful—old bachelors generally are."

"Don't you hate to go in?" I asked, as we came in view of the mansion.

"Yes, rather, but who's afraid?" We'll hitch the horse, for you must come with me."

I felt Kate's arm tremble as we marched up the avenue; but outwardly she was as composed as if bound on the most commonplace errand.

She rang the bell boldly.

The door was opened by a servant.

"Is Mr. Hardshell at home?" inquired Kate.

"Yes," replied the servant, "will you walk in?"

We were ushered into a great drawing-room, furnished in almost Oriental splendor.

I gazed about me in admiration.

"My, isn't it beautiful?" whispered Kate; "I feel nervous, Nannie."

"The ladies wish to see me, I believe," said a deep musical voice.

I turned instantly, and confronted the finest looking man I think I had ever seen.

Could this be Mr. Hardshell?

I had seen him often, before, but always at a distance.

I had taken him to be quite elderly.

What was my surprise now to behold a handsome man apparently not over thirty years of age.

"Oh, my!" came in a smothered exclamation from Kate, who looked as if ready to sink from mortification.

He stood waiting, perfectly self-possessed.

She moved about in her chair uneasily, getting very red in the face.

"I am at your service, ladies," he said pleasantly; "don't hesitate to command me."

Kate confessed to me afterwards that at that moment she would have given all she possessed to have found herself a thousand miles away.

But there was no help for it.

She knew that if she backed down thus ingloriously, she would never hear the last of it; so summoning all her courage, she managed to stammer—

"It is my errand, Mr. Hardshell. The young ladies of the village have planned a leap-year drive, and I am here to solicit the pleasure of your company."

A look of intense surprise came over the gentleman's face for an instant, then gave place to one of amusement.

The corners of his mouth twitched suspiciously, but he replied gravely—

"Thank you, I shall be most happy to accept. I am indebted for this honor to whom?"

"Miss Winters," Kate gasped.

"Indeed! I have often heard of you, Miss Winters. Are you to call for me?"

"Oh, I forgot, Thursday even at six," she said.

"I shall be ready," he called after us, as we were rushing headlong from the room.

"Oh Nannie, Nannie!" sobbed Kate, when we had gotten fairly out of sight. "What have I done? Why I supposed he was a little short man, with grey hair, ever so old."

"So did I, Kate. I can hardly reconcile myself to the change. One thing is evident, Mr. Hardshell indoors is a very different looking man from Mr. Hardshell out of doors. Perhaps he wears a wig to deceive people."

"But this one is so tall?"

"He might stoop purposely, you know. At any rate it is an enigma beyond my solving," said Nannie.

"I can never stop for him Thursday; night I shall die of shame."

"Pshaw, Kate," I replied, "what an idea: you must, now that you have invited him. The girls will never cease tormenting you if you are so easily vanquished. I daresay you will get along nicely. He is splendid looking. I almost wish I had asked him myself."

"I most devoutly wish you had," she said, as she dropped me at my gate.

I saw no more of her until the next Thursday evening, when the load of girls stopped for me.

"Oh, Nannie," she whispered, as I climbed in beside her; "you cannot guess what a beautiful bouquet came this morning, with Mr. Hardshell's compliments."

We drove around to the several houses for our gentlemen—each particular girl alighting and escorting hers out in the most approved masculine fashion.

"Now for the bear!" screamed the chorus, when the last boy was safely tucked in. "Bring on your menagerie, Kate."

"Do hush!" commanded that young lady, as she alighted hesitatingly upon our arrival at the stone mansion.

"Face the music, Kate," I whispered encouragingly. "Do, or die!"

When a few minutes later they came out together, I was more than ever impressed by his stately bearing.

"Who is that?" whispered Bob Thornton beside me.

"Mr. Hardshell, of course," I replied.

"Not by a long one!" replied that incorrigible youth. "That's no more Mr. Hardshell than I am. I call it pretty cheeky in Kate to palm off on us in this way."

"Who is it then?" I asked, beginning to feel somewhat puzzled. "That is his name at any rate."

"Well it isn't the right one, that's certain," remarked Bob. "You girls are up to some trick."

"Mr. Hardshell, ladies and gentlemen."

The gentleman in question made us a courtly bow, and took his place beside Kate in the sleigh.

Somehow we all felt stiff with that high-born face in our midst.

Conversation lagged, and would have died out entirely but for the continual spur he gave it.

"Things were getting pretty dull," as Bob whispered, when an unforeseen accident occurred.

We were crossing the gully just beyond the North Fork, when one of the horses, espying the limb of a dead tree which had fallen across the road, shied to one side and overturned the sleigh.

In an instant we were rolling in every direction, half smothered in the high snow-drifts, and screaming at the top of our voices.

The hubbub started the already frightened horses, and dragging the empty sleigh after them, they disappeared up the road, seemingly at the rate of a mile a minute.

Here was a pretty predicament. We were at least three miles from home, and on a lonely road, which precluded all hopes of assistance.

Of course there was but one thing to do—trudge back on foot.

"Are any of you hurt or dead?" inquired Bob Thornton, emerging from a snow-bank close by; "if so, just speak."

A faint moan greeted our ears; we glanced quickly in the direction.

There lay Kate.

Mr. Hardshell flew to her assistance.

"Are you hurt, Miss Winters?" he inquired, in a voice full of concern.

"I don't know," said that young lady petulantly. "I believe I have twisted my ankle. It won't last long though."

"Let me assist you to rise," he said.

Poor Kate essayed to do so, but turned deadly pale, and sank back with a cry of pain.

"Oh, I can't stir," she sobbed. "How am I ever to get home?"

"That's a sticker, Kate," remarked Bob, "unless we make a litter and all hands carry you. You see how it is, we haven't anything but shank horses to depend upon now."

"I can carry Miss Winters easily," interposed Mr. Hardshell.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Kate, blushing very much, and covering her face with her hands, "I couldn't let you do that."

"There is no question of yes or no about it," he said gravely. "If I am not mistaken you have given your ankle a severe wrench. We are three miles from home, with no chance of relief, and it is beginning to storm; 'twould be perilous for you to remain here any length of time," and without another word he lifted the unwilling damsel in his arms, and strode on in front, followed by a straggling procession.

What a journey that was!

The storm increased until it nearly blinded us.

Yet we persevered, and trudged on over hill after hill.

Mr. Hardshell still carried Kate, although every gentleman in the company eagerly offered more than once to relieve him of his lovely burden.

He refused outright, declaring that "she was as light as a feather," an expression which struck me as singularly unappropriate, applied to that able-bodied damsel, but upon reviewing his gigantic proportions, I was fain to believe that possibly to him she might really seem so.

At last we came in sight of the mansion.

"You must all stop here and rest while I send a man in search of the horses," said Mr. Hardshell.

Nothing loath, we consented, and following him up the broad avenue into the house, we were soon warming our chilled and benumbed members before the grate in the drawing room.

"My uncle, who is stopping with me, is a physician, Miss Winters," said Mr. Hardshell to Kate. "Let me carry you into the library where he is."

"Come too, Nannie," she whispered.

We went, and when a stooping little man, with grey whiskers and a timid nervous air about him, rose to greet us, I looked at Kate, who in spite of the pain, was trying very hard not to laugh.

The riddle was solved.

We had mistaken the uncle for the real Mr. Hardshell.

We then returned to the drawing-room, where all made merry until the man returned with the horses, which he had found standing quietly in front of a barn about a mile from the scene of our disaster.

Nothing being broken, we all climbed in, excepting Kate, who, Mr. Hardshell informed us was to return in his sleigh, as it would be much more comfortable.

Bidding our host a very good night, we promised to repeat the visit under more favorable circumstances, which we did, for in less than four months we all received cards to the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Hardshell.

When Kate's husband feels in a particularly tantalizing mood, he laughingly remarks "that his wife began the courtship," to which she replies "that if she did it was all through a mistake on her part."

◆

MISS SPARKINS.—Miss Sparkins taught the primary class when you first entered it. Your first school-teacher; ah, how well you remember her! You thought her a mature woman then; you know, now, that she was seventeen. She was not very pretty, you thought, and she thrashed you unnecessarily with that cane. Now you know how provoking it was of you to ask questions about your sums when she was trying to finish her poem. She gave you a bad mark too when you knew the answer was right, because you copied it out of her "key;" and she led you to think that Sebastapol was somewhere in Hampshire, and that the Crimean war was fought there, but that, as you afterwards learned, was because she was trying her best to write a letter to her sweetheart and give you your geography lesson at the same time.

She was always reading poetry or doing needlework, or writing letters during school-hours; and when unexpected visitors arrived she used to hide her book or work or paper and fly at her class with the cane. Rigid forms and awful silence were the result, and the visitors were wont to compliment her on her discipline.

Who was it that first found out that Miss Sparkins never caned the boy who brought her a big orange? You can't remember, but after that there was always plenty of fruit in her desk. She used to eat the oranges over her poetry, and look happy. At such times anybody could snap india rubber, make caricatures on the black-board, or arrange pins for his neighbor with impunity.

On the day she had her front hair in pins Miss Sparking never kept boys in, whatever they did: that was when she was going out in the evening with her beau.

When moral suasion instead of corporal punishment was introduced in the schools, she took the loss of her cane very hard; but she got over it at last, and, until you were old enough to know better, you always thought that "moral suasion" meant, a clothes pin on the nose. Some of the class sometimes wore them for hours—especially when she was setting the copies for writing afternoon.

You have one of the copy-books still.

"Menny men menny minds."

"Virchoo is its one reward."

"Be kind too won another."

"Onisty is the best pollysy."

Perhaps a new method of spelling was introduced into the school at that time. How can you tell? You were very young. But though she did pinch your nose with clothes-pins, and upset your geographical and historical ideas, she was not bad to you. She gave you the medal now and then, and when you cut your finger she tore a piece from her pocket-handkerchief to tie it up; so that when she married and left school the class wept, and made up a contribution to present her with a pair of salt-cellars.

She told you when she went away that she was very sorry to leave us all, and it was hard to believe that she said afterwards that she was glad to have done with those little imps for ever; for, on the whole, you liked Miss Sparkins better than you did many a better teacher.

◆

AN old feat is strikingly varied in a Western circus. Leaping from a spring-board over a row of elephants, camels and horses has ceased to move an audience. In the present instance the leaper personates an Arab pursued by a company of soldiery. They drive him up a hill and stand in a dozen ranks at the foot with their spears raised up. Then the Arab runs down the hill, jumps on the spring-board (which looks like a rock) and bounds with a somersault over the heads and spears of the enemy.

LOVE AND PAIN.

BY T. CORNHILL.

I.

Love held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
About the slender stem the clinging vine
Was close twined and round the jeweled rim;
Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,
A waste of reeds and sand,
Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,
And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;
And all around the cruel scorching glare,
The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,
His flushed lips smiled on me,
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung,
I would have fled, but lo! I might not flee,
While through the heavy air the clear voice rung,
And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set
Close to the jeweled rim,
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,
Then a bright mist made all the world grow dim;
And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,
And I drank deep to him.

II.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,
Spring grasses at my feet,
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,
The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,
Waiting my Love to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,
And then a sudden sound
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footsteps came:
O Love, I woke to see
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee;
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name
Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand
Were crushed, and wan, and dead;
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand,
He stood beside me with discrowned head;
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,
But I am in his stead?"

He held to me a chalice of red wine
Filled to the very brim;
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine
And closely coil around the jeweled rim;
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,
And bade me drink to him

"Love came, but never will he come again,
Drink thou to me;
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, *Pain*,
Will now forevermore abide with thee;
The dark-earth-mist hath gathered round us twain,
Drink thou to me!"

Left to Die.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

MYSELF was in the house when it all happened, being first-cousin to Mrs. Ryan, the mistress.

A comfortable farm it was, and she well-to-do; with cows and other stock in plenty, and good land.

Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman.

Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy.

It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any besides.

He was the entire world to her.

Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order against he was old enough to take it up.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgeable concerning farm business.

He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine well-grown active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumors were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and the terrible mischief they did.

Cows were bitten, and pigs, and other stock.

People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning, just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees.

They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades.

There was only nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two.

Talking merrily they were over their work and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in.

Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with him like a shot to the field.

His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow.

But he was light of foot and nimble as the deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he had come up with the dog.

The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury.

But the brave boy grappled with him, and had him pinned to the ground by the time the men came up and gave the finishing stroke.

"Now, mother dear," he cried in glee, "the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!"

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given everything she was worth in the wide world, was there before her all bloody and covered with foam from the beast's mouth.

She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, any saying they were nothing.

And nothing there was for a time.

But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last.

He knew it himself, poor fellow!

It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manful against it; and forced himself to drink, when even the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable.

He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him.

No use! he couldn't get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful.

At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

Not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master.

There was but one thing for him—his doom was sealed.

And now the question was, how it was to be done.

Three ways were spoken of.

To smother him between two feather-beds; or else carry him down to the river and drown him; or to open a vein and let him bleed to death.

The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering.

When it was proposed to her, you'd think she'd go out of her senses.

At last and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened: and when it was done, the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it, and the despair of the distressed mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe.

Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's-throw of her.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life outside must go on.

So when milking-time came, Kitty M'Cabe, the dairy-woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see to the cows.

Coming back through the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy; and for the life of her, she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet.

There was no sound.

Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look.

It was an old crazy door, contrary and ill-fitting; and at the first push, it gave a great shriek and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened and tried to pull it back again.

The sight too of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

"Is that you, Kitty M'Cabe?" came in a weak, faint whisper from the far end of the shed.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again. "Ay is it, my life! my darlin'! jewel o' the world!" and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

"O Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?"

"To be sure I have, darlint—ashthore!" and she ran and filled a jugful.

He drained it every drop, and then he called for more.

"I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try to sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good."

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's; as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drinking. After a while he said: "Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I am well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?"

Heart's darlin'!—'tis clean wild with the joy she'll be! But stay jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over the cruel cut. There now, musther dear."

"Reach me over that big stick in the corner, and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;" and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Roused by a cry from one of the company, his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window.

Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms, and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast—fast locked and strained to her—all who were present and looked blindly on knew she would never part from him more.

And she never did.

From that day out, sign or symptom of the madness never appeared; though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant.

He had, you see, bled such a power, that it was the world's work to bring him to.

When the doctor fixed up the cut he was almost gone.

A minute more, and 'twould have been too late.

The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flowed away out of him with the blood; but what did he know?

Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his full age; over six feet in his stockings, and broad-shouldered in proportion.

But it was remarked by everyone that his mother was never the same after that terrible day when he was laid in the outhouse to die.

◆

Of Sign Artists.—When Opie was asked how he acquired his village reputation, he replied: "I ha' painted Duke William for the signs and stars and such-like for the boys' kites." Greater painters than he have plied their pencils upon traders' boards; Correggio's Mule and Muleteer, now in a great English gallery, once served as a tavern sign; and a Continental museum boasts the possession of two pictures painted by Holbein at the age of fourteen, which once did duty over a schoolmaster's door.

It is not easy to imagine Sir Joshua Reynolds condescending to furnish a tavern-keeper with a sign; but we can fancy Hogarth doing such a thing once in a way. Inside a London tavern may be seen the painted representation of a man carrying a woman, a parrot, and a monkey. This, the old sign of the house, is said to be Hogarth's handiwork, specified to be so in the lease of the house. One of the original members of the Royal Academy, and its first Professor of Perspective, worked occasionally for the London innkeepers; the most notable of their performances being a whole length of Shakspeare. Another famous painter, who bartered one of his greatest works for a pot of beer and the remains of a cheese, gave a new name to a Welsh village by painting a sign for its little inn. A traveler in North Wales, on approaching a village, inquired its name of a countryman, and was surprised at his answering "Loggerheads," by which singular appellation he found the village was best known, owing to the popularity of the sign painted by the artist for its ale-house, exhibiting the heads of two jovial fellows grinning at the spectator as he read the legend: "We three, loggerheads be." Probably Morland painted more tavern-signs than any other artist of note. He who delighted in the companionship of hostlers, pot-boys, pugilists and horse-jockeys, was not likely to think it derogatory to his dignity to oblige the dealers in the liquor he loved so well and so unwisely. When things were so flourishing with Morland that he was the proud owner of eight saddle-horses, he stabled them at a suburban inn of London, and that the place might be worthy of an artist's stud, he painted the sign of "The White Lion" with his own hand. One day, Morland and a friend, an engraver, tramping Londonwards, halted at a small wayside inn. They were tired, hungry, and thirsty; but their empty pockets forebade the hope of obtaining rest and refreshment by ordinary means. Morland wistfully contemplated the house until the landlord appeared at the door; then he exclaimed: "Upon my life, I scarcely knew it; but it must be 'The Black Bull!'" "To be sure it is, master; can't you see the sign?" said the landlord. "Ay, the board is there," answered Morland; "but the Black Bull is gone. Come, I'll paint you a new one for a crown." After thinking it over for a minute or two, the innkeeper closed with the offer; and set a dinner and drink before the wayfarers, to which they did ample justice. Then Morland asked his host to ride to Canterbury for paint and a good brush. Half-fearing that his guests might depart in his absence, the landlord executed his behest in double-quick time, and the artist set to work; but by the time the Black Bull was fairly finished, the reckoning had increased to several dollars, and unwillingly enough, the sign-restorers were permitted to go with a promise to pay the balance at the first opportunity.

Twenty-eight years ago, St. George's combat with the dragon was limned by the famous Millais, for the adornment of an English country inn. The painter, while staying there, had noted that the weather-worn sign was little better than a bare board, every trace of the design it once bore having disappeared.

◆

There is a certain family that does not attend church as regularly as they should, but they send the oldest boy every Sunday, to keep up appearances. Last Sunday the head of the family said: "Go dress yourself, boy; it's time for you to go to church." "I would like to know," responded the youth, sulkily, "why I am the only one in the family who has got to be religious?" "Because you need it most, you scoundrel—that's why!" thundered the stern parent, feeling for the young martyr's hair.

◆

The Chinese are the most silent of all the races of mankind, and account for their taciturnity on the ground that they never mind anybody's business but their own.

◆

To **the** affidavit concerning the qualities of Frank Siddalls Soap, in this issue of the **Post**, the editor of this paper gives his fullest personal endorsement. A successful use in his own household justifies him in saying it is all, and even more than is represented. We advise everyone to try it at once.

Scientific and Useful.

Hollow Shafting.—Hollow steel shafting is being introduced into France. It is made by casting the metal round a core of lime, the ingot being finally rolled into shafting, the lime core going with it and diminishing in diameter in the same proportion as the metal, even when the total diameter is reduced as low as one-fourth of an inch.

The Camera in Forging.—The camera is said to be now used almost exclusively by the Bank of France to detect forgeries. The sensitive plate shows not only the erasure on the check, but often under the new figures can be seen the original ones. It is said that the camera can detect ink marks on a photograph which has been sent in a letter, where it has merely been in contact with the writing.

Ready Glue.—A glue ready for use is made without the application of heat by dissolving the glue in common whisky instead of water. Both are put together in a bottle, which is then corked tight and allowed to stand three or four days. If prepared in this way, it will keep for years and always be ready for use, except in extremely cold weather, when it will be necessary to set it in warm water before using. A strong solution of isinglass made in the same manner is an excellent cement for leather.

Speech Recorder.—A curious piece of apparatus, not likely to be of much practical use, but showing considerable ingenuity, has been devised by a German for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs on a moving band of paper, similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The transmitting portion of the apparatus is based on a careful study, of the motion of lips and tongue in speaking with an object held between the teeth.

New Copying Process.—This is done by means of a pad, which is prepared with glue, glycerine and water, in the same manner as for the hectograph, but with a larger proportion of glue. For writing or drawing a concentrated solution of alum is used, colored with a little aniline to render the writing visible. Before using the pad is damped by means of a wet sponge, and this moisture is permitted to remain a few minutes. The writing may now be applied, and upon removing it, after a short time, the lines will be transferred to the pad. A small quantity of printer's ink is applied with a rubber roller and will be taken up by the etched lines only. An impression is obtained by pressing moistened paper over the lines with the palm of the hand. The pad must be inked for each copy, but a great number may be made from the same etching on transfer.

Farm and Garden.

Ammonia.—A teaspoonful of ammonia to one quart of water sprinkled every other day over plants will cause lice to disappear and not injure the plants.

Pear Blight.—The following is said to be an antidote for blight in pear trees: One quart of slaked lime, one quart of bone phosphate, and one ounce of sulphur sprinkled under each tree.

Good Fertilizer.—A prominent agriculturist writes: It is found in my own experience that the urine collected into tanks from fifty cows tied up during the winter months is sufficient to keep in high condition seven or eight acres of meadow land.

Steel Rakes in Gardens.—Gardeners should always bear in mind that the best exterminator of weeds is a light steel rake, which enables the operator to pulverize the surface of the soil frequently and rapidly, breaking and destroying all incipient weeds before they can reach the light, saving labor and preventing the formation of a hard crust.

Lawns.—For ridding lawns of unsightly weeds such as plantain and dandelions, the following plan is recommended by an experienced gardener: To the end of a light wooden rod attach a small sponge, or better, wind a few thicknesses of cloth around it, dip the sponge in oil of vitriol, and with it touch the heart of the weed. The oil of vitriol may be carried in a wide-mouthed bottle at the end of another rod.

Grain Field Kitchens.—Kitchens in the California grain fields are becoming quite fashionable. They consist of a home on wheels, which can be moved from place to place, following the harvesters in their work. This is a great saving, as it gives the hands employed in the field an opportunity to rest after the meal. The time usually employed in going a mile to and from dinner is thus used for rest, and both employer and laborer are benefitted. Such is the economy which modern genius displays.

Covered Wheat.—Experimenting on the depth at which wheat should be covered, the following results were obtained. Of fifty grains deposited at the depth of eight inches only two came up, and these formed no heads; at seven inches one-fourth came up but formed no heads. Ten out of the fifty came up when covered five inches deep, but had defective heads. At four inches covering there were a few perfect heads, but most were defective. Of those covered three inches, all came up, but the best yield was from those covered only two inches deep.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums	$2.57
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	7.00

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives The Post one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for The Post and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for The Post when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1881.

Table of Contents.

Serials—"A Life's Mistake," and "Held in Honor."
Short Stories.
Ladies' Department—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
New Publications.
The World of Humor.
Bric-a-Brac.
Scientific and Useful.
Farm and Garden.
Grains of Gold.
Femininities.
Editorials.
Sanctum Chat.
Correspondence.
News Items, Miscellany and Poetry.

VOLUME LXI.

Almost before the Nineteenth century had attained its majority—in August, 1821—The Saturday Evening Post started forth on its mission of usefulness. The first in order of time—as it has tried to be in merit—of all the literary journals of this continent, it has ever kept abreast of the needs of the people. That it has been all such a paper could be its success in the past shows. And that like good wine, it may still improve as it grows older, will be its constant aim.

With this, the initial number of our sixty-first volume, we present the Post in an entire suit of new type as an earnest of what is intended in the future. This improvement is but the pioneer of many others, all looking to making the paper the best of its kind.

The best evidence that our desire to elevate the tone of literature has been successful, is seen in the enormous increase of our subscription list. Not only are our later friends enthusiastic in their approbation, but many of our oldest subscribers write to say that "The old Post is better now than ever." It is more than a gratification to us to mention such testimonials. While they show that our present efforts are appreciated, it stimulates us, not only to keep on in well-doing, but if possible make the Post even better.

Having the most commendable reasons for doing so, the management of the Post will be continued in the direction of the best. Not a line, not a word, will be admitted into it that may not be read by the youngest as by the oldest. Nothing sensational or morbid—nothing in the least degree of even questionable utility will sully its pages. All classes and ages will find it entertaining and instructive. Everything will be done that can be done to make it the companion of a leisure hour—a field where the mind may glean many useful things, and a teacher of the heart. It is our belief that a family paper can be at the same time moral and amusing, and in this belief we will act.

Therefore, promising our readers our best work for the future as in the past, we give them every assurance that we will bear it out. We are willing to be judged by what we have done, and proved by what we will do. The Post has never in its long career had such a glorious field for good work as now. The usefulness in it has been, we are glad to say, abundantly recognized, and nothing on our part shall be left undone to merit its continuance.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A Society in memory of the murdered Czar has just been established in Russia. Its aim is to create in towns and villages industrial, agricultural, and technical schools, museums, and savings banks. It is very powerfully supported both by clergy and laity.

A Striking illustration of the depreciation in the value of landed property is afforded by a remark made recently by one of the richest noblemen in England, who, in conversation on the subject, said he should be glad to get a return of 1 per cent. on the estimated value of his land.

Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, spends the greater part of his life attending charitable organizations and philanthropic reforms. His desire was to become a clergyman of the Church of England, but his mother, the Queen, strenuously opposed it. He has always been in delicate health.

When a train approaches a station the conductor, or some one for him, shouts out the name of the place. No one understands him, all they hear being a confused sound. Would it not be better to have a board with the names of different stations on it, and uncover the name of the next station when the train leaves the one before it? It would be simple, inexpensive and satisfactory.

A new and stringent liquor law went into effect in Rhode Island on July 1. One of its provisions is that no license shall be granted for any place within 400 feet of a public school. It is probable that this clause will compel the removal of a number of hotels. Another provision of the law is that the objection of a majority of the landowners within 100 feet of a place for which a license is asked shall be sufficient to prevent the granting of a license.

The movement among the mechanics of New York and surrounding cities to secure a half-holiday on Saturday is an admirable one, and has been fairly met by the employers, some of whom have offered to let their men off at three o'clock. It is to be hoped that the men in whose interest this movement is made will not be led by the rash counsels of their leaders to reject this first concession in the hope that they may obtain more. In a matter of this kind moderation is the first step toward victory, and victory there in such a case will bring about an improvement elsewhere.

As soon as the death of the late Empress Dowager was announced in China, the mandarins and all high officials of the Empire put on garments of pure white, and these were worn for twenty-seven consecutive days. The regulations which prescribe official mourning also require that the red buttons upon their caps shall be replaced by blue buttons. On the twenty-eighth day they put on black clothing, which must be worn for 100 days. They are also forbidden to marry within that period, nor can they indulge in any of the usual social pleasures. The lower orders of the people must also be clothed in white, and are not permitted to shave their heads for 100 days. The same restrictions as to marrying and indulging in social pleasures that apply to the higher classes apply to them as well.

Society in England, has been amazed and scandalized by an order from Admiral Foley, for the style of which a precedent might in vain be sought in the annals of garrison or dockyard towns:—"In future if a dockyard officer sees another playing lawn tennis on the green, who is, in his opinion, improperly or insufficiently dressed, it is my directions that he report to me, and I will communicate with the commander-in-chief on the subject."

The old delusion still prevails among many Sunday school teachers and others that by collecting and selling old postage stamps money can be raised for missionary purposes. Consequently children are asked to gather stamps and sell them. These good people ought by this time to know that there is no honest purpose to which old stamps can be put. The only final purchasers of them are the sinful persons who make a living by washing off the marks, putting new gum on, and selling the stamps thus renovated to unsuspecting customers who do not know the difference.

London *World*, speaking of fancy fairs and young girls who attend at the counters says:—"It cannot be a good thing for mere children to be taught to emulate the graces of barmaids, and to simper at purchasers of programmes with the languishing smiles that the Hebes of the pewter counter throw at the feverish orbs of beery clerks." "If," says an English critic, "any cause or society wants funds, the machinery employed for collecting them should be sincere and simple. If money does not then come in, the inference is that the money is not wanted. Meretricious almsgiving is one of the scandals of the day."

The question of how to employ women is awakening attention. There is said in New York to be one lawyer among the females, a number of physicians, several are reporters on the newspapers, critics and editresses. The women rather lead in the actors' profession. Decorative art is employing them in wood-carving, design-drawing, sculpture, china-painting, pottery, tapestry-making, embroidery, crayon-drawing, painting photographs, book-canvassing, bird-fanciering, bird-training, etc. It is said that seventy-five thousand women in Cincinnati support themselves in various light artisan pursuits and in shops.

A talented Brooklyn preacher criticized the New Testament as revised on the theory that it will multiply infidelity. But infidelity of the modern standard is not much affected by the text of any book. An eminent minister said the other day that, as far as he could observe, nearly everybody now-a-days had two different faiths. One was the orthodox faith, which was employed about bedtime and in sickness, and the other was the scientific faith, which lasted all day. He said that the mere business of the people has been exaggerated; that in almost every man was a faith of tradition by which he died, and that the world was no more infidel now than it always had been under a high civilization.

Some time ago the Paris Municipal Council founded a laboratory where articles of food could be sent for analysis. The idea has been caught up, and provisions of every kind are tested daily. The May report is most instructive. Of 231 samples of wine, 184 were ruthlessly condemned, only 6 being returned as "good," and of milk, 83 out of 105 samples proved worthless. On the other hand, 5 out of 7 samples of tea and coffee were approved, and out of 26 samples of bread and pastry 19 bore the test. An examination of painted toys shows this branch of commerce to be lamentably wanting in wholesomeness, unless, indeed, the specimens offered were the worst of their kind, as out of 48 as many as 34 were registered as "bad."

The mistrust of nearly every rank and class in Russia has at last extended to the army—the last support of the Government. Between twenty and thirty officers, one of them a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, have recently been arrested. The mistaken belief that at least the army, or, at any rate, the Guard, was loyal to the backbone has now been rudely shaken. It would be absurd to assume that a national army like that of Russia, through which all classes of the population are now passing, could be kept inviolate from the general discontent. The officers of marine are especially compromised since the arrest of three of their number for complicity in the late attempts at assassination.

A village postmaster in Alabama recently refused to deliver a postal card received at his office for the reason that he could not read the contents, telegraphic symbols having been employed, and, therefore, concluded that some unlawful conspiracy was hatching. The person to whom the card was addressed demanded its surrender, but the honest postmaster was not to be frightened or cajoled, and resolutely maintained his possession of the dangerous missive. At length, however, an appeal was taken to the Department at Washington, which promptly overruled the village magnate's conscientious scruples.

Another visionary authority unites with Mother Shipton in pronouncing that the end of the world will take place in this year of grace, 1881. In the fourteenth century there lived Aretino, an Italian author. He has fixed in his writings the exact date of the end of the world. The day set down is November 15, 1881. According to this distinguished authority, the destruction of the earth and its inhabitants will occupy fifteen days. The cataclysm will begin by an uprising of the waters. This theory has been supported by later scientists, who have discussed the possibility of both continents being submerged in some remote future. The human race, before perishing will lose the power of speech. All will be dead before the final day—the 15th of November. These old authors, it would seem, were terrible jokers.

Anyone in London desiring to indulge in a basin of kangaroo-tail soup, can do so much more readily than if he were living in any of the great Antipodean towns. Several of the Colonial meat companies have made the tail of the kangaroo an article of export for consumers in England, and a small outlay will place a Londoner in possession of a luxury of Australia which the Colonists there can generally obtain only after a hard day's work on horseback. As a matter of fact, it is the rarest thing possible to see a kangaroo hanging in a Colonial butcher's shop; and kangaroo-tail soup is a rare item on the bill-of-fare of a Melbourne or Sydney dining-room. The soup is a thing which, if once tasted, is to be forever remembered. Prepared, as it ought to be, with a due admixture of white wine and the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, it is richer than that made from the hare or grouse, with a peculiar and indescribable flavor. But except the liver and digestion be sound, it is not to be partaken of with impunity. No pen could do justice to its appetite-inspiring aroma and its gastronomically quite "too utter" savor.

A well-known citizen of Albany occasionally relates an experience of his early life to illustrate the danger of a conviction on circumstantial evidence. He had had a lovers' quarrel, known to her family, with the lady who has been his wife now for twenty years. One evening he called upon her and a reconciliation took place. In the anxiety of restored love and confidence she expressed the fear that he might be assaulted while passing through a disorderly part of the city on his way home, and to reassure her he took a pistol from his pocket, told her that he always carried it, and was explaining its mechanism when it was suddenly discharged. The young girl's parents rushed into the room, expecting to discover a murder or a suicide, but fortunately no harm had been done, although the bullet grazed the girl's face. On his way home the lover threw his pistol into the river and has never since carried one. He thinks that any jury in Christendom would have found him guilty of murder if he had killed his sweetheart, for against his unsupported denial the strongest circumstantial evidence of a motive could have been brought.

LOVERS STILL.

BY H. B. BAILDON.

The moonlight of romance was ours
In that remembered month of May;
We bowed to Love's compelling powers;
Yet, Love, I love thee more to-day.

Love's morn with golden glamor rose;
He held us in imperious sway;
Yet loved we not so well in those
Bright days as, Love, we love to-day.

Then Pleasure took us by the hands,
And led us up Love's shining way;
But now our love through Sorrow stands,
And Grief has made us one to-day.

As stalwart smiths alternate bring
Their blows with all the might they may,
So Hope and Fear have wrought the ring
That keeps us lovers still to-day.

More solemn blessing than the priest,
Grave Time has given us; so we pray,
When Death shall stay Life's palling feast,
We shall go lovers, as to-day.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IRIS," said the Earl, "I want to speak to you. Come into the library after luncheon and spend an hour with me."

She wondered a little what he intended to say to her and why he looked so perplexed and sad. She sighed deeply; life was growing more complicated for her. There was a time when she believed that she knew every thought in her father's mind; now she began to doubt whether she really understood him, and to fancy that there was some mystery hidden in his life. But she could form no idea as to what it could be.

It was a gloomy afternoon; the air was heavy and the sky overcast. The library was full of shadows; and the Earl, as he came forward to meet his daughter, looked pale and worn with anxious thought.

"You bring sunshine into every room you enter, Iris," he said; "and this wants brightening. The day is dull and heavy, as my heart is."

"Why should that be heavy, papa?" she asked; and then the Earl drew Lady Iris to him.

"There are many reasons why, Iris; but the chief of them all is this. I have kept a secret from you which affects you personally; and, as the years roll on, I begin to doubt whether I have acted wisely in so keeping it. I believe that, had you known what I am going to tell you, you would not have sent away Allan."

"Nothing could have prevented that," she said sadly.

He sat down in the large leather chair in which every day he read his newspapers, and she drew up a little footstool and sat at his feet. He seemed to avoid her face as he told his story.

"Every life has its secret, Iris," he began, "every man has his romance. My secret and romance are one."

She clasped his hands in her own, and, bending over them, kissed them.

"I never dreamed that you had a secret, papa; you were always so cheerful and so practical."

"My dearest Iris, I do not think any man living has had a sweeter secret. I have kept it from the whole world for your sake; and I have kept it from you because I knew what a blow its disclosure would be to you. After keeping it all these years, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to tell it to you. I believe that Heaven has so directed your life that the knowledge must come to you; I believe also if I do not tell it to you now, you will find it out for yourself."

She looked up at him with a sudden light in her face.

"Then I have something to do with it, papa—with old Esther and Isabel Hyde?"

"Heaven help you, my poor child! Yes, you have something to do with them."

For a moment she wondered why he should call her 'poor.'

"I am reluctant to begin my story," he said, "as you see. Iris, has it ever struck you that with respect to your love-affairs and marriage that I have been very indulgent to you, that I have not cared at all for rank or money, only that you should love the man you married?"

"You have been very good to me," she declared.

"My conduct requires explanation," he said, sighing deeply—"and I may as well begin my story. Iris, you remember the dark beautiful face of the portrait that hangs in the gallery at Chandos, underneath which is written, 'Guinevere, Countess of Caledon?'"

"Yes, of course. It is that of my own mother," she replied.

"No, Iris; that is what I want to tell you, child. Guinevere, Countess of Caledon, was not your mother; she died before you were born. I married Guinevere Talbot, the heiress of the Talbots of Broome; but I never loved her, and I do not think she loved me. Our marriage was a *marriage de convenance*; love had nothing to do with it. Look at this face, and, while I tell you my story, fix your eyes upon it; its beauty and tenderness will plead for me."

She looked up at him with eyes full of fear.

"The Countess of Caledon not my mother! Who then am I?"

"That is your mother," replied the Earl, as he placed in her hands the portrait of the beautiful girl with the sad face and fair hair—"that is your mother, my darling—that is Isabel Hyde."

Tears welled up into the girl's eyes; she kissed the sweet pictured face.

"Oh, papa," she cried reproachfully, "why have you let me love the other one all these years? Why did you not tell me before? Oh, mother whom I did not know! Mother mine!" she murmured; and her tears fell like rain upon the portrait. "I should have loved her all this time if I had known!" she wept. "Papa, I am not fanciful; but it has always seemed to me that I had nothing to do with the dark beautiful face at Chandos. Those dark eyes never looked at me with a mother's love; there is love for me shining in these. So my mother was Isabel Hyde? Who was she? Oh, papa, be quick and tell all!"

"You will not be pleased to hear it, Iris," he said; "but I will tell you. It is a love-story; and, like all true love-stories, it is sad as it is sweet. I was quite a young man when I married Guinevere Talbot. I was not at all in love, but I admired her very much. She was very beautiful, rich, and accomplished. We were happy in a quiet fashion; I do not remember that one angry word ever passed between us. We lived together for two or three years, sometimes at Chandos, sometimes here. When in London, she, like you, was one of the queens of society. When we had been married four years, her health became delicate, and the doctors advised me to take her abroad; and we went.

"I had no relatives. The family that had once been large had dwindled away; my aunts and cousins were dead, sisters or brothers I had none. And it was almost the same with Guinevère. She had many distant relatives, but none that were near or dear to her; so that when her illness came no friends hastened to see her, and there was no one to help me to take care of her. Thus there was no obstacle to my keeping my secret when the time for keeping it came.

"We wandered half over Europe, but our headquarters were Nice. There an incident happened which influenced all my life. I have told you that I did not love Guinevere; I need hardly add that I loved no one else. One morning I was going along one of the roads running out of the town, when I saw a young girl walking in front of me. She must have been carrying a purse in her hand, for all at once one fell to the ground, and the money in it rolled into the road. I picked up all the coins I could see; and, when I gave them to her, she looked up at me. Iris, I shall never forget the expression that met my gaze. I can see the sweet face now just as it looked then.

"I have been a true and loyal man all my life; while Guinevere lived, no thought or wish of mine ever wronged her; but, Iris, when I saw that young girl's fair face, when her sweet eyes met mine with such wistful pleading, my heart seemed to go from me.

"'I am sorry to give you so much trouble,' she said. 'It is very kind of you to help me. I wonder if I have lost any of my money?'

"'I think I have picked it all up,' I answered. 'Sit down on the bank here, and I will count it for you. How much should there be?'

"'A hundred and twenty-five francs,' she replied. 'I should not care if it were my own.'

"'Whose is it then?' I asked.

"'I am Mrs. Tredegar's nursery-governess,' she said, 'and I was going to pay a bill for her.'

"Well, some of the money was missing. I looked about for it for some time, but could not find it. It almost brings tears to my eyes to think how simple and trusting she was. I took some money from my own purse to supply what was wanting; and she was so pleased. She thanked me very prettily, and with such winning smiles.

"'It will be a warning to me never to carry a purse in my hands again,' she said.

"Being accustomed to Guinevere's stately grace, the girl's sweet and gentle manner had a wonderful charm for me. When I asked for her name, she told me that it was Isabel Hyde, and that, as she had already stated, she was living with Mrs. Tredegar as nursery-governess. She told me that she was quite alone in the world, having no living relative or friend. She said that her father had been an artist, but an unsuccessful one—that he had always been poor and struggling.

"'I do not think,' she told me, in her sweet fearless way, 'that he was very clever, for there were times when mamma and I were hungry and he had nothing to give us.'

"She went on to say that he died heart-broken from his struggle with a world that seldom tolerates ill-success, and that her mother, like a sensible woman, went out as housekeeper, and by her industry, secured to her daughter a superior education. When the girl grew up, they decided to take a school, and they were to have been so happy, but Heaven willed otherwise. When Isabel was old enough to help her mother, her mother died."

All this time Lady Iris had been listening in unbroken silence to her father. She shuddered once or twice; but she could not speak.

"When her mother died," continued the Earl, "the poor girl was left alone, and Mrs. Tredegar took advantage of it to secure her at a very cheap rate as a nursery-governess for her children. I remember giving her my card, and telling her that, if the Countess of Caledon could do anything to help her, she would. She thanked me, and then went away. Though I was as true as steel to the woman who was my wife, all the brightness of my life departed with Isabel Hyde. Ah, that sweet face—how the memory of it used to come back to me! It was ever before my eyes, I thought of it by night and by day, and I felt that I could have loved Isabel Hyde with the love that comes only once in a lifetime.

"I knew where Mrs. Tredegar lived, but I never went near the house. A few weeks later I read in the list of departures, 'Mrs. Tredegar and family;' and then I knew that the fair face had vanished, perhaps for ever. Soon afterwards Guinevere died, and was buried, not at Nice, but in a pretty cemetery near to it, where she had once expressed a wish to be buried, and where her white marble monument is one of the wonders of the place. I was grieved to lose her; for I had been happy with her; and I was always pleased to remember that we had never exchanged one unkind word.

"Four months after that," continued Lord Caledon, "I went to Paris. I was staying at the Hotel Meurice, and on the first morning after my arrival I took a walk through the gardens of the Tuileries. There I again met Isabel Hyde. Her face flushed when she saw me, and the glad light of welcome came into her eyes.

"'I have thought so often of your kindness to me, Lord Caledon,' she said.

"I sat down by her side. It was the madness of love that came over me, Iris. A father can hardly tell his love-story to his own child; but I loved her so madly that, if she had asked me for my life, I would willingly have given it up.

"For a week I met her every morning in the palace gardens, and by that time my fate was sealed. I knew that I could not live without her—that, unless she would be my wife, death would be better than life. I asked her to be my wife, and she said she would; but, though she loved me very much, she hesitated about marrying me in consequence of the difference in our positions. 'How can one of England's greatest earls,' she would say, 'marry a nursery-governess?' But I held myself more honored by the gift of her pure young love than by my name or birth.

"I had no thought at that time of keeping my marriage a secret. I would have brought her home and have married her publicly if she would have agreed to it. It was pure accident that led to the secrecy. My wife had been dead only four months; and, when Isabel promised to marry me, it was arranged that we should wait for one year: but Mrs. Tredegar died suddenly, and the children were sent to school by the aunt in whose charge they were left; so that Isabel was homeless, with only a few pounds in her pocket. I asked her to marry me at once, and proposed that we should travel about for some time and keep our marriage secret; there would be no failure of respect then to my wife's memory, as no one would know when we had been married.

"In recalling this period of my life, Iris, I think the strangest thing I did was to come home here to be married. I could not bear the idea of being married in a French church; besides which, in the after-years I wanted everything to be quite straightforward and right. I asked Isabel if she would accompany me to Fenton Woods and be married in the old church. I knew that I could so arrange that it would never be known. Here in the village lived Esther Rowson, who had always been a faithful friend and servant of our family. I knew that Isabel could remain in the little cottage for a few days without being seen by any one, and that I could trust Esther.

"I wrote to her, telling her that a young lady was coming over from France to stay with her for a few days, and that I did not wish any one to see her or know that she was there, and that I should explain all when I came, but that I did not wish it to be known that I was coming. So it was settled; and Isabel started only two days before me. I followed her, and but few knew of my visit. The house here was closed, and there were only three or four servants in it. I accounted to them for my unexpected arrival by saying that most important business had brought me over, but that I should remain only forty-eight hours. I went to see the Vicar, an old friend who was very dear to me. I told him the circumstances, and said that, as my wife had been dead only six months, I could not make my marriage public—that I must keep it a secret for a time. He saw the force of what I said, and agreed with me.

"The next morning we were married in the little old church with the stone porch. You remember the legend 'To pray best is to love best?' I had it placed round your mother's picture here. Ah, my dear dead wife," cried the Earl, "would to Heaven that I had died with you! I can hardly proceed, Iris. I loved her so well that to-day my grief is as great as it was at first. The Vicar promised to keep my secret until I thought it prudent to disclose my marriage. The good old man died a few weeks afterwards, so that the secret has been well kept. The only person present at our marriage was Esther Rowson, and she kept our secret faithfully until, in her old age, she became childish and could keep it no longer. None of the servants suspected what had taken place, and no one had seen sweet Isabel during her stay at the cottage. It was quite sufficient for me to say that I desired my flying visit should not be mentioned.

"When therefore I took my beloved and beautiful young wife from England, none of the outer world knew that I had been home, much less that I was married. I took Esther Rowson with us as maid to my dear wife; I knew that if she were traveling with us she could not gossip. Independently of that however, Isabel was much attached to her, and the faithful soul almost worshipped her mistress.

"Ah me, Iris, if I talked to you for ever, I could not tell you what that one year of happiness was like! It was but for one year, yet the happiness was great enough to last all my life. Isabel was the brightest, sweetest companion any man ever had. How I loved her! And Heaven punished my idolatry by taking her from me. We had begun to think and talk about getting ready for our return, when Isabel's health suddenly became delicate. I took her to a pretty little village on the Rhine—Schonbein—and there my darling lies buried.

"You, Iris, was born one year and two days after our marriage; and three days after you were born your young mother died. I cannot tell you about it, for I was beside myself. I remember only two thing—my own mad despair and the devotion of Esther Rowson. I remember filling the cold white hands with flowers. You can imagine, Iris, what my grief was. If I had dared, I would have killed myself. But I had to live on with my heart dead within me—and it has been dead ever since. I have laughed, eaten, and drunk like other men, but my heart has been as stone in my breast. I hope no one will ever suffer as I have suffered.

"She died, Iris, and the best and brightest part of my life lies buried with her. I went away, and left Esther with you at Schonbein. Heaven only knows whither I wandered. I do not remember. Madmen are, as a rule, locked up in asylums. I was not; but, if ever a man was mad, I was. For three years I traveled about, hardly knowing where I was or what I did; but I came to my senses at last. One chill October day I awoke to the recollection that Isabel's child was alive and at Schonbein. I journeyed thither, and found you with the faithful Esther; but you were so strong and so big, my darling, that you were like a child of five rather than of three. There was no intention in my mind to continue to keep my marriage secret until we all reached Chandos. There I found that, having never heard of my second marriage, everybody believed you to be Guinevere's child. Every one reproached me for having kept your existence a secret.

"'We did not know that you had a daughter,' people said to me; and my answer to every one was—

"'It was a very painful subject; for my wife died when my dear daughter was born.'

"For, oh, Iris, believe me, my dear, I could not bear that any one should know my life's romance! My dear wife was even more sacred to me in death than in life. Had I spoken of her, the world would not have understood how I loved her. People would only have laughed because I married a poor governess, and have sneered at you. Besides which—and I think this was my strongest motive—I loved her too much to admit all the surprise and the wonder; the utterance of her name even by careless lips would have given me keen pain.

"I thought the matter well over. No one had heard of my second marriage; why should I make my dear love-story public? So I did what many others have done—locked up my secret in my heart and kept it there. I do not say that I did well; but I do say that it seemed best at the time; every one appeared to take it for granted that you were Guinevere's daughter that I doubt whether, if I had told the story of my second marriage, any one would have believed it.

"Guinevere's friends all came to see you, and I did not enlighten them. It was not from cowardice, but because I loved Isabel so well that I could not speak of her. As you grew older and I saw how strongly pride of birth was developed in you, I thought I had done wisely in hiding the truth from you; but I am not disposed to think so now."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY IRIS sat in perfect silence. It seemed to her that her life had come to an end. This blow to her pride was so terrible, so awful, that she could not realize it. What she had said was true; she had never felt her heart drawn to the dark beautiful face of Lady Guinevere; the dark eyes had never looked at her with a mother's love. Her feeling was different with respect to the sweet sad face of the portrait she held in her hand. There was a world of love in those deep violet eyes; and a longing to kiss the sad face came over Lady Iris. She raised her head and looked at her father.

"Forgive me," she said gently; "but I think you did wrong. It would have been better had my mother taken her proper place."

"She was enshrined in my heart, and that was all she cared for," replied the Earl. "Her death so changed everything! If she had lived, I should have taken her home in triumph; and all that would have been said would have been that Lord Caledon had married abroad. No one would have cared to trouble about dates; and, if I had been asked whom I had married, my answer would have been 'Miss Hyde.' I was proud enough of her, of her beauty and grace; no duchess in England had such a daughter."

There was silence between them for some few minutes, and the Earl saw that his daughter's head was bent low.

"You think it would have been better then had I given your mother her proper place, Iris?" he asked.

"Certainly I do."

"But, my dear," objected the Earl quietly, "that would have been against your creed. Are you quite consistent? Isabel, though so fair and sweet, was not well-born, as you understand the term. To me she was the truest gentlewoman that ever lived, and the best: but to you she would have been inadmissible."

"No," she replied slowly, "the inference is not fair. It seems a hard thing to say: but had I been in your place I should not have married her, not if my heart had broken in leaving her. Having married her however, I should not have concealed the fact for an hour."

"You understand," he said gravely, "that it was not for any social reasons, not from any motive of pride, that I kept our marriage a secret? Those reasons which would have influenced you most strongly did not affect me at all. It was at first out of respect to Lady Guinevere's memory that I acted as I did. I did not care to have it known that I had married again four months after her death. I never intended to do so; but circumstances forced the marriage on me—Isabel was alone and friendless. A further reason for my silence, as I have explained to you, was that I could not bear to hear her name mentioned by careless lips, she was shrined in my heart, and I could not lay bare my love-story for people to laugh at it. It has been shut up in my heart ever since. You were still very young when Esther left us. She married, and I gave her the little cottage in the valley, with a small annuity; and she has kept my secret well. Until I came hither with you, I have never seen Fenton Woods since the morning I married your mother. No man ever loved a woman as I loved Isabel Hyde."

He rose from his chair and began to pace up and down the room. He stopped once abruptly before the fair head bent over the picture.

"Iris," he asked, "are you angry with me?"

She raised her pale face to his.

"Angry, papa! Oh, no! Why should I be angry? Most certainly you had the right to please yourself. Why should I be angry? You gave the same permission to me."

"Tell me honestly," he said. "Your mother was fair and gentle, pure and good; she had a noble heart, was refined, graceful, and well-bred. Do you think, Iris, that in marrying her I acted in a manner unworthy of a Fayne?"

"That is a hard question to ask my mother's child," she replied. "How can I sit in judgment on her?"

"You can tell me what you think, Iris."

There was a struggle in her mind, as he saw; and at last the words came slowly.

"If you ask me as my mother's child, I must say you did well. If you ask me as a Fayne of Chandos, I must say that, had I been in your place, I should have trampled down my love, even had I broken my heart in doing so. Our name is to be held in honor, papa."

"Did I dishonor it by marrying one of the best and sweetest women on the face of the earth?"

"No, you did not dishonor it: but you did not add to its glory. You raised your wife to your own rank. Were I so to marry, I should descend to my husband's rank. But, papa, as we have never quite agreed over these matters, we will not discuss them."

There was silence for a few moments, and then the Earl said—

"Now that you have heard my story, Iris, will you love me as much as ever?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied—"more than ever; because you have trusted me, because you have suffered, and because you loved my mother so dearly." She raised her eyes to his face. "I have carried myself with the pride of a queen: now I shall never forget that, though on one side I spring from one of the noblest families in England, my mother was the daughter of a poor artist who often wanted bread. My mother was a poor governess—a class I have always respected greatly, but have always looked upon as belonging to another world."

"It is a blow, my poor Iris," he said gently. "I can well understand that."

"If I had known all, papa," she went on, "I should not have sent Allan away. I need hardly have held myself so much above him. I am stunned at present, and cannot realize what you have told me."

"I have done right to reveal my secret then?" he said.

Her face flushed hotly.

"Yes; to me anything seems better than sailing under false colors. I am glad that I know the truth. The story would have come to light some day, and perhaps in another guise; and then—— Am I very much like my mother, papa?" she asked suddenly.

"So much like her, my dear, that I do not wonder Esther should think Isabel herself has come back. You are taller and prouder looking than your mother was; your eyes are brighter, and your face has more color and expression. I see no other difference; your mother had beautiful hands, and yours are just like them."

"I am glad papa, that I am like her," she said. "I shall write to Allan and tell him all. He must know it. I could not keep it from him; and, when he knows it, he will not laugh at my outraged pride; he loves me too dearly for that—much too dearly. I shall tell him that the girl who sent him from her because he was not a gentleman by birth is herself the daughter of a poor struggling governess, the grand-daughter of an artist who often had not bread to give his wife and child. In justice to him I must do so."

"Yes, I think it is only right and just, Iris," returned the Earl gravely; "but do not, my darling, rush off into the other extreme, do not humiliate yourself."

Lady Iris raised her head with a proud gesture.

"Why do you use the word 'humiliate,' papa?" she asked warmly.

A faint smile flitted over the Earl's pale face.

"I thought, my dear, that you considered your real position a great humiliation."

He pitied her. He saw how pride struggled with love; and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"The one action of my life of which I am most proud is the marriage of your mother; and I think, when what you call the first shock wears off, you will be a nobler woman for your present knowledge, Iris. You have been too proud, my dear; your pride of race has been a religion with you. you will be a nobler woman with less of it."

She smiled a wan sad smile.

"That is like the gardeners, papa, who cut the finest and fairest branches from a tree and then say they have improved it. I shall write to Allan to-day and tell him all. How surprised he will be! And I know so well that he will be sorry for me!" She was silent for a few minutes, and then she continued, "He will be sorry for me; but, if John Bardon knew, he would be pleased. He would say that it served me right; he would exult over what he would consider my downfall."

"There is no downfall about it, Iris," said the Earl hastily.

Then the pride and anger which had lain dormant while the Earl told his story came suddenly to the surface.

"It is a downfall, papa. If you had had to tell me that you had lost everything you possessed, it would not have caused me one half the pain. I love my mother's memory; but I cannot feel pleased that, instead of being the daughter of a noble high-born lady, my mother was a governess who worked hard for her daily bread. I have been so proud of my birth and descent that I shall never again hold up my head as I have done. I shall wonder always if people are laughing at me." With a great sobbing cry she stretched out her hands. "I must not vex you, papa; you loved her, and she was worthy of all honor; but I have been too proud, and Heaven has punished me."

With a wild cry she fell forward, but the Earl caught her in his arms. She was quite cold and senseless. He laid her on the couch, but did not ring for help, knowing that she would be better soon.

"I thought she was taking it too quietly," he said to himself. "Oh, my beautiful proud Iris, it is indeed a terrible blow to you! But it will cure you of your pride—that pride which had no bending, and which trampled on your love."

How like his dear dead wife she was! What lines of pain were on the white cold face!

"So young and so beautiful!" he murmured, kissing her brow. "Yet how much she has suffered!"

* * * * * * * * *

That same evening Lady Iris wrote to Allan Osburn and told him her father's story; but when the letter reached his club, he was far from his native land, and the fiery rays of an Indian sun were beating down upon him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE Earl often wondered if he did wisely to tell his daughter of his second marriage. She had completely changed. Her father's confession had not only wounded her love, but it had also lowered her pride; and now she found that that to which she had sacrificed her whole life was a myth. She had nothing to be particularly proud of. If on one side she was well descended, on the other her people were commoners. She had sent her lover away, and had tried her best to conquer her love. She had made herself miserable for her pride's sake; and now she found that the quality which was to have been her great moral support and consolation was little better than a broken reed. A certain sadness and gentleness of manner had come to her which was very different from her former brilliant animation.

The discipline had been sharp and severe, but she had benefited largely. She began to understand that the words "Held with honor" had a better and higher meaning than that which she had given to them. The honor lay not in adding to the splendor and glory of her house by a great alliance, but in faithfully discharging the duties that fell to the lot of its head.

She began to see that her idea of pride was wrong, that there was honor in a noble life, honor in poverty, in labor, in toil, honor in everything except folly, disgrace, and sin. The words "Held with honor" bore a different meaning now from that which she had drawn from them in the days of her pride. It had been a sharp and bitter lesson; but it had made a noble and good woman of a proud and haughty girl.

There had been many long discussions between her father'and herself. The Earl wished his secret to be buried for ever; but she would not agree to it, she would not "sail under false colors."

"Now that I know the truth myself, papa," she said, "I will hold that truth with honor. There must be no more disguise."

She brought pen, ink, and paper to him, and stood beside him while he wrote a letter to the editor of *Burke's Peerage*, in which he said he regretted he had not corrected the error before, but that he had been absent from England many years and had not thought of the matter; but he requested the editor to make an important alteration in the entry relating to himself. In future it was to read—

"Caledon, Earl of, Hugo Francis Hylton Fayne, fourteenth Earl. Born May 24th, 18—; succeeded his father 1858. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Married—first, Guinevere, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Bernard Talbot of Groome, who died March 4th, 18—; secondly, Isabel Hyde, daughter of Ronald Hyde, Esquire, who died June 29th, 18—. Issue, one daughter, Iris, Lady Fayne."

"Now, papa," said Lady Iris, "we have done what honor and honesty require of us. When people examine the next edition of the *Peerage*, some will perhaps wonder that you were married twice, while they will see that I belong to Isabel Hyde, and not to Guinevere Talbot. But I do not suppose that one person in five thousand will care about the matter at all. Still, papa," she went on thoughtfully, "there was a faint suspicion of something having happened, I am sure. Do you remember what that lady whispered about me on the day of the Drawing-Room? I have thought of it a hundred times since, but could not understand it. It referred to your second marriage, you may rest assured."

"Perhaps so," replied Lord Caledon. "I should hardly think it possible that the marriage could quite escape observation. There may have been some slight rumor about it, but it never reached my ears."

"We are beyond the reach of rumor now," she said. "If any one speaks to us about the marriage, we can answer as we please, can we not, papa? I shall always have the best of the difficulty by saying that people should not take things for granted, and that every one ought to known by my face that I was the daughter of Isabel Hyde. Papa," she added, "you have one thing more to do, and you must do it. You must send this lovely portrait of mamma to one of our best artists and have a beautiful painting executed from it. Will you?"

"Yes, my darling. I have often thought of doing so," he replied.

"It must hang in the great gallery of Chandos, papa, and we will have in letters of gold underneath it, 'Isabel Countess of Caledon'—then I shall be more satisfied. Yes, and in the church of King's Forest we must have a memoral window, papa, and also a marble tablet, with these words, 'To the memory of Isabel, Countess of Caledon, by her only and loving child, Iris Fayne.' Will you see to that, papa?"

"I will do all you ask me, my darling child. It gives me untold happiness, Iris, to hear you speak so lovingly of your mother."

Her wishes were all carried out.

"Papa," said Lady Iris to her father one day, "you know that I shall never marry."

"I know you have said so, Iris, but I hope you will change your mind."

"No, never; and therefore I want to ask you this, papa. As I shall never have a wedding-ring of my own to wear, will you give me the one I saw in the drawer of your *secretaire*? I know now it was mamma's. May I have it and wear it? It will remind me of all I have learned since I heard her story.

The Earl assented: and one of the happiest moments of his life was when he put his wife's wedding-ring on his daughter's finger. He held that little white hand fondly in his own and touched the rings that shone on the slender fingers.

"This is a pretty ring," he said, pointing to one set with diamonds and rubies.

"Yes, Allan gave me that," she replied.

"And you wear it still?"

"Yes, I shall wear it always; it will be buried with me, papa."

"I hope he will give you another, some day, Iris," said the Earl. "You wrote and told him all, I suppose?"

"Yes; but I have had no answer to my letter. Of course I could not expect one. Even if he had written to me proposing a renewal of our engagement, I should probably, in the smart of my wounded pride, have rejected him again. I should have thought he had written out of pity."

"Pity!" repeated the Earl. "What nonsense, my darling! You want no pity! I wonder that he did not write."

Neither of them knew that Allan Osburn had set sail for India long before the letter was written. Owing to some mischance, it did not reach him; and Lady Iris believed that he was too angry ever to forgive her, and that this, the crowning act of her humiliation, had been thrown away upon him. In her letter to him she had written these words—

"If I had known this when you asked me to be your wife, I should have answered differenly."

The writing of these words had been a blow to her pride; and, now that Allan had not responded to them, she wished that she had never indited them.

Lady Iris wrote to Lady Clyffarde, who was charmed at hearing from her, and replied most lovingly to her.

"When are you coming back to Chandos?" she asked. "I have some news that will astonish you. You remember Marie Bardon, of course, and how much we all liked her? When John brought home his wife, Lady Avice, struck by Marie's fine qualities, took a wonderful fancy to her, and would have her with her at Hyne Court. You cannot imagine how it has improved her. Well, my son Fulke has fallen in love with her, and has asked her to be his wife. Of all the wonderful things that could possibly happen, this seems to me the most wonderful. I think highly of my boy's choice. From all the world I would have chosen you for him, my dear Iris, whom I have always loved. But I felt that you would never consider Fulke good enough. He was so vain in those days, poor boy; but now he has quite lost his conceit. Marie has done him a world of good, and we are very happy.

"How I wish, my sweet Iris, you would come home for the wedding! I am sure you would enjoy yourself. Mr. and Mrs. Bardon have been to see me. It was a trial at first; but I grew interested in the millionaire, and his wife did her best to conciliate me by presenting me with an Indian shawl, which I accepted, and so overwhelmed her with delight. Fulke seems very happy. I caught him the other day looking at that lovely little photograph of yours, and he said to me, 'How beautiful she is, mother! But I must have been mad to think she could love me. No wonder she could not tolerate me. Only a man who has made his mark in the world will ever do for Lady Iris.' If you will come to the wedding, you will make us all very happy."

She read the letter aloud to he father, who was delighted with the contents.

"It is a most sensible marriage," he said "A clever, quiet girl like Marie Bardon will make Fulke an excellent wife; she will keep him in order—and, after all, that is all that most men want."

"You are not very complimentary to your sex, papa," returned Lady Iris laughingly; but he saw that this home news had touched her strongly.

"Will you go to the wedding, Iris?"

To his surprise she burst into tears.

"Papa, I want to tell you something. Do not be angry with me; my heart is broken. I want you to grant me a favor."

"I will do anything for you, Iris; you know that. You can hardly express a wish which I would not grant."

"I want you to let me live all my life here at Fenton Woods, never to ask me to go to Chandos or to London again, to let me live here always with you, papa."

There was such a passion and pain in her voice that he could not refuse her.

He knew that opposition at present would have been worse than useless.

He laid his hand lovingly on her head.

"You shall do as you please, my darling," he said. "But you are very young to give up life."

"I am young in years," she answered sorrowfully; "but I have suffered so much that my heart is old."

* * * * * * *

"What a difference it makes tc the whole county when Chandos is empty!" said Richard Bardon to his son.

The desire of his heart was accomplished: his son and daughter had both done well—they had brought him into some degree of relationship with one or two of the noblest families in England. When Marie's letter reached him, he turned to his wife.

"Julia," he said, "I shall shut my eyes and die happy now."

"It will be much better to keep them open and live," she said.

"I mean that, when I do die, I shall shut them happily enough. Here is Marie going to be Lady Clyffarde of Clyffe Hall. Let me tell you, Julia, that with the fortune I shall give her she will be one of the first women in England."

"I am sure of it," said the proud mother; "but it is not even that which pleases me most. My daughter is going to marry the man she loves. I always knew that she loved Sir Fulke. Whenever she saw him, that sweet calm face of hers used to turn very red, and she trembled like a leaf when he spoke to her; but, to tell you the truth, Richard, I never thought he would marry her."

"Why, my dear Julia?" asked the millionaire, knowing well that in matters like this women saw much farther than men.

"Because he seemed so entirely taken up with that proud Lady Iris Fayne. She was very proud; but still I liked her. My son John," continued the good woman, "has married well; but he is not what I call a happy man. I am sure he also loved Lady Iris."

"He has done much better than if he had married Lady Iris. We should never have put up with her pride, Julia."

"I do not think we should. After all, our children have done well."

"I am glad Lady Avice has another son. I never feel quite easy when everything depends on one. No one knows how anxious I used to feel while John was a child. If he had died, all my plans would have come to nothing. Now, if anything happens to him—which Heaven forbid—he has two sons to succeed him. I feel proud that they have given the second little one my name—'Richard.' It was very nice of Lady Avice to think of it. Lady Avice is always nice to us. I have been thinking, Julia, that, if the Government make me an offer of a baronetage again, I shall accept it. It is such a different thing now that John is married and has children."

"I think it would be as well," replied his wife.

At very nearly the same time Lady Avice was saying to her husband—

"John, do you not think it would be better to ask your father and mother over here for a time? They will like to see Sir Fulke. They seem very pleased at Marie's engagement."

"You can please yourself, Avice," he answered; "you will be sure to do right."

"Take a little more interest in it than that, John," his wife told him; and he tried to rouse himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEVER take "come and see me" as a phrase meant in earnest unless it is accompanied with a date.

We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:

In the First Place, the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth or falsity of the claims made for it, **it would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.**

In the Next Place, we wish our readers to bear in mind that **we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.**

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

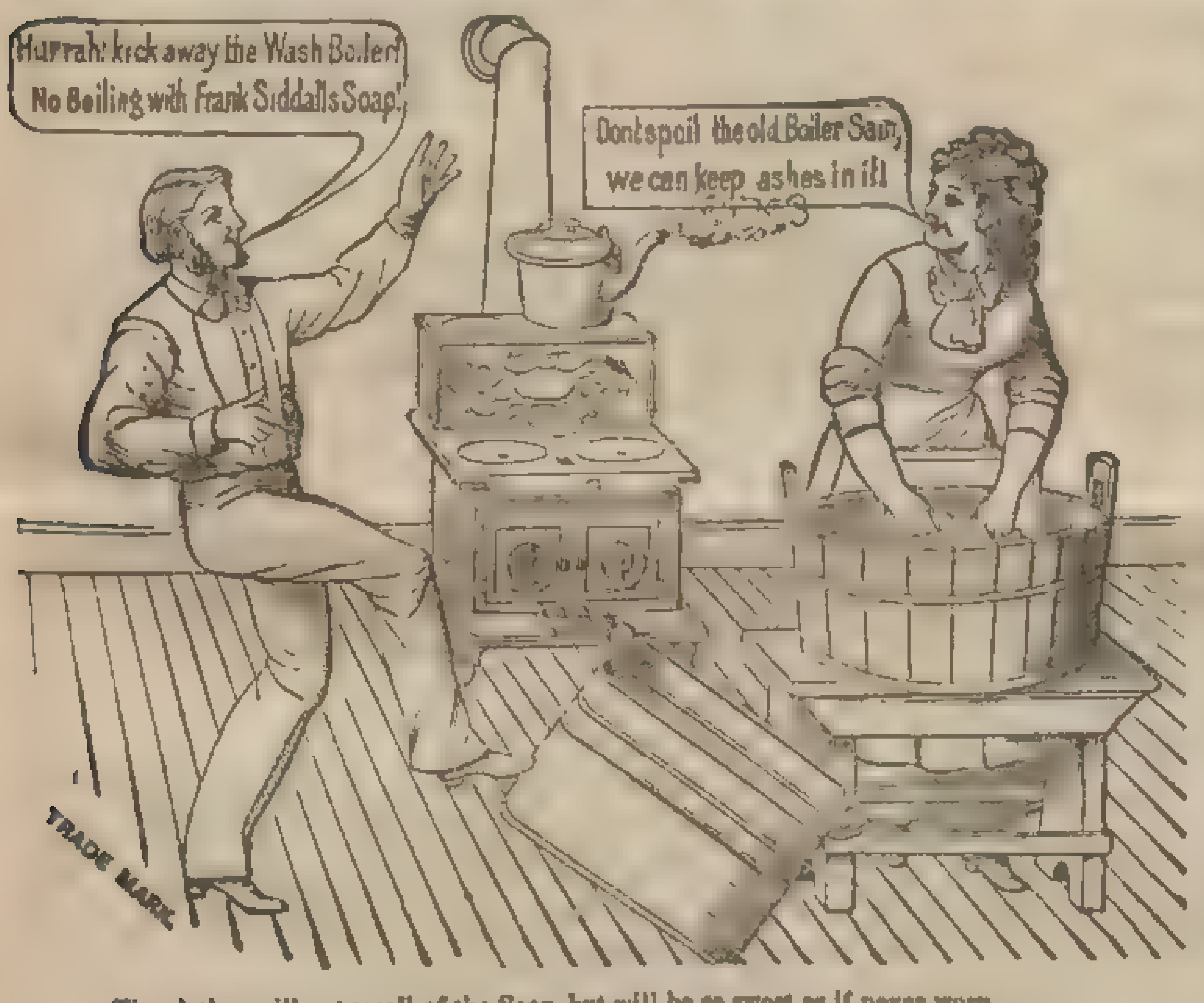
Answers alike for the finest laces and baby garments or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to *heat* the wash-water.

[A wash-kettle or wash-boiler which stands unused for several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the [illegible] ingredients that are contained in The Frank Siddalls Soap.]

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

The following is the neat, genteel, elegant FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of washing clothes:

First: *Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly* wherever you see any dirt or soiled places. *Then roll up the article in a tight roll,* just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way* —and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—**and let the Soap do its work.**

Next: *After [illegible] commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when [illegible] out.*

Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more soap, and *dont wash through two suds,* but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.*

Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse-water on the wash-board without using any soap *until all the dirty suds are out.*

[illegible] will [illegible]

☞ Next comes the blue-water, [illegible] scarcely any bluing.

Stir a piece of Soap in the blue-water until the water is [illegible] soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water *and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.*

The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

Dont put clothes to soak overnight: it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way.

Dont try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash.

The Soap washes freely in hard water. **Dont use Soda or Borax.**

The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. *See that you get what you ask for.*

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.

[It will be put up in a neat metal box costing 6c.—15c. in postage stamps will be put on,—and all sent to you for ten cents.]

If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost.

[Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used for all purposes, but it is only when it is to be used for a family wash that it will be sent for ten cents—[illegible] *the name of this paper must be given.*]

DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE, and *dont even send for that* until satisfied that **this Paper would not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.**

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, *entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.*

There is only one kind of Frank Siddalls Soap made, and it is for every use that soap is put to.

If you have a friend in trouble with Ingrowing Toe Nails, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum or in any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, *no matter of how [illegible]*, **tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.**

[*For Ingrowing Toe Nails [illegible] Soap [illegible] flesh, [illegible] be experienced.*]

By washing freely with the Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on [illegible] the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any ointment or any other [illegible] to touch the skin, **it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn ulcers, ringworm,** and all *itching and scaly humors* on the body, [illegible] *scaly eruptions* that sometimes are [illegible] on the [illegible].

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country.

REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effect of The Frank Siddalls Soap:

CLINTON, ONEIDA CO., N. Y., March 16, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL—*Dear Sir:* [illegible] Frank Siddalls Soap [illegible] better, for it has [illegible]

For a long while I have been afflicted with [illegible] my hands, and for over a year [illegible] time, but the Soap has already [illegible] doing my work all [illegible] to me. [illegible]

[illegible]

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO. PA., March 9, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL—[illegible] has been suffering [illegible] every other purpose.

JAMES FLOYD.

AFFIDAVIT.

A Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy of 25 Years Standing.

A Prominent Business Man and Citizen of Philadelphia.

The Wonderful Washing Qualities of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

A REMARKABLE AID TO THE PHYSICIAN.

STATEMENTS That it will Not do Everything Claimed When the Directions are Followed BRANDED AS MALICIOUS FALSEHOODS.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well-known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co. [illegible] courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, [illegible] College of Pharmacy, and graduated March [illegible]; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of the Frank Siddalls Soap, a period of 25 years, was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I [illegible] make [illegible] Soap [illegible] from fine materials, [illegible] that the wonderful [illegible] have, on old and recent sores or ulcers, [illegible] inflamed surfaces and itching of the skin, [illegible] all other [illegible] must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and [illegible] taken during every stage of its manufacture [illegible] management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that, while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying, and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing function.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more [illegible] laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleansing nursing bottles and nipples and consequently of great advantage in the nursery, and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap for toilet, shaving, bathing and all household [illegible] and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge from my own personal and home experience that even its long continued use will not injure the skin of those using it nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it.

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D., 1881.

EZRA LUKENS,

Magistrate of Court No. 12.

Our Young Folks.

INTO THE SEA.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

IT matters little where he was born or how he lived: neither of these facts are necessary. It makes no difference, but such is the way of the world, that if it is told, they may say he has no claim to the name of hero.

And how it will laugh, it may be, to hear it said that this man, who in a certain Book—which, unlike most of its kind, admits no lies—this man scarcely more than boy, perhaps stands higher than a Cæsar. A beggar's son, who never knew his parents! Pshaw! Heroes are not made of such stuff as that!

Cradled in rags and reared in an atmosphere of profanity. The first mention of God's name coming to his ear as an imprecation. His first plaything, the empty bottle, never absent in the orgies about him. Never knowing the grace of a kindly word, the touch of a gentle hand. Hurt! His physical experiences in the way of hurts were almost exclusively confined to [illegible] of feet.

But there was something better in him. He knew there were other places beneath the broad blue sky he sometimes saw from the back-room where he dwelt, and he often dreamt of them. Still, he could form no notion. The world as he knew it was drawn in brawls, colored blue with oaths, and limited to an alley.

Yet the good in him must rise to the surface. Thus it gave the occasion, and opportunity makes or unmakes. It is the test of merit. Genius they claim can make opportunities. It is a mistake—opportunity makes the genius.

He was sitting on the yard-step—where, by the way, he had been summarily pitched in an hilarious moment by the woman upstairs—cogitating.

Small as he was for his ten years he had a mind, and now this mind was wandering [illegible] an ocean of speculation, but saw nothing familiar. Hither and thither he drifted, his head sinking deeper in his little hands, till he struck against the domestic strand.

"Jack!"

The voice came from the window above him. It was a woman's, and the owner herself backed up her word by thrusting a red swollen face, undignified by a pair of uncertain eyes, through it. The boy had not heard her apparently.

"Jack, I say! Do you hear me?"

The essential point of this remark was tailed by such an appendage of vocal bolts in the way of profanity, delivered in such a key, that deaf from birth would alone have excused not hearing.

"Yes, I hear you, and what of it?"

The lad as he spoke rose and turned his handsome, though undeniably dirty, face towards the female. There was rebellion in his looks, and his attitude meant battle to the death.

The woman's first impulse had been to precipitate herself at him through the window. Wiser and healthier reflections, however, prevailed.

"Is that the way you answer your mother?"

"I don't care. You're not my mother, and I won't go for gin any more if you kill me."

The woman's head darted back with a hiss like a snake's.

He but could hear her staggering across the floor to the landing and he had no doubt of the result. At such times though a [illegible] of her feelings might be surmised in her expressed determination to have his liver, she usually compromised on kicking him to the [illegible] of it.

When, therefore, he heard her announce her intention of slicing that portion of his anatomy, he weighed present possibilities by past events. It was soon tumbled down the stairs with a [illegible] in her bony hand, and a spurt of [illegible] from her nose, the [illegible] embarrassment arising from the loss of that organ assumed imposing dimensions. The opportunity was forced upon him, but he seized it and dashed through the alley beside him into the wide, wide world.

As we have said, opportunity makes or unmakes, and it made Jack Brown.

His first step placed him by the pedestal where he stands a hero.

Then and there he drifted to the shores of a new world, leaving the other far behind him. Everything was foreign. When he stopped running he was amid a strange people. He could not understand it. Everything was so unusual and beautiful. Some of the natives passing by in the street looked pityingly upon and gazed after him. This was strangest of all.

By and by a singular vessel floated by him. It ran on wheels, and was drawn by two of the prettiest beasts he ever saw. The one-eyed dog that belonged to a neighbor in the alley was queer looking certainly, but these were astonishing.

Perhaps it was the result of some deep-planned boy instinct that Jack caught on behind the carriage. It ran on and on, but he thought of nothing save the delightful sensation of novelty.

Suddenly it stopped in front of a grand dwelling, and a young girl and an elderly gentleman alighted. They both looked so handsome that Jack was still [illegible] at the [illegible] the wheels [illegible] their grandeur. The magnificent coachman, dressing like a series of suns in a multitude of brass buttons, saw him, and would have smote him with his whip, but the young lady interposed.

"Why should you, Barber? Why, what has he done? The poor little fellow!"

There was such a soul of kindness on the girl's voice—so much of the eloquent language of true pity in her look, that Jack burst into tears.

They asked him who he was, where he had come from, and where he was going.

The story he told them of his past was simple, his prospects for the future simpler.

It was as though he had said:

"I never had a home, nor do I expect one. I didn't care then, I don't care now."

But when they said he might come to live with them if he would—for he might be very useful to run errands and could in time go to school—though he did not comprehend, he was too much dazed to offer resistance when, in obedience to order, the button-flashing coachman gingerly touched him on the shoulder and led him to the kitchen of the great house.

The pity of it is that happy days fly all too swift, while sorrow drags along with feet of lead.

Jack had been with the Gladyses nine years, and the dawn of early manhood cast its white rays over his ruddy cheeks.

From the ten-year-old vagrant—the waif who had made so strange an entry on the world, he had graduated with high honors in his school of life. As help to the cook, assistant about garden and stables, and finally as lieutenant footman to the whilom grand captain coachman, he was regarded as a valuable servant.

"It was Jack!" seemed a text which illustrated and lit up many a sermon of duty done, and all done well.

There was no going to the country or seaside where his place was not a useful one. Always careful, able, and courteous, but strangely silent, he was a model for his kind.

They were in a city by the sea. The day had been warm and oppressive. Towards evening, Blanche Gladys said:

"I think I would like a row in the bay. The water is beautifully still, and I'm sure we shall enjoy it. Jack will row us."

She said "us" and "we" knowingly, for she spoke to one on whom the light of the love, a ray of which had blessed Jack Brown's life, shone strong and full—her sweetheart.

"But it is so late. We will not be able to get a good boat."

"There need be no fear of that. Call Jack, I will be ready in a moment."

The footman—grown strong and powerful—bowed with his heart in his eyes as his lady passed and followed them to the quay.

The boat was old, but as the water was still, the fisherman could trust it, but they had better not go far out.

The lady Blanche laughed. She had all faith in him at her side. She never thought of Jack.

Out they went on the blue waters into the sun-kissed twilight. There was something so exhilarating in the position that they were soon over a mile from shore.

"Miss Blanche, the tide has turned and the wind is rising."

It was Jack who spoke. But why did he press so hard against the board that passed beneath his feet?

"Time enough," was the reply. "We have a full hour of daylight yet."

Her lover was with her, and love is so forgetful.

The waves grew higher. The boat sunk and rose with the swell. There were strainings and moanings as Jack pulled lustily and with willing hands against the tide.

The fisherman had said it might be strong enough, but not to go too far.

"Why, I declare the boat is leaking."

Blanche Gladys lifted the edge of her skirt. It was dripping and water was forcing itself through the foot-plank.

"Jack, turn about and row back quick as you can, while we bail out."

She spoke earnestly, but without fear.

There was nothing that could serve for this purpose in the boat, and as Jack strained against wind, wave, and tide in turning, a seam opened in the bow.

But they were now heading towards home. Still, the tide was against them, and their progress was slow. The water was gaining in the bottom of the boat.

"Can you row, sir?"

Lady Blanche's lover's only answer—his face deathly white—was to leave his place by her side and seize an oar.

His change of place, however, seemed to make matters worse. The water could almost be seen to rise against the inside of the boat. And the shore was almost a mile away.

"It might be well, Miss Blanche, to signal." Jack's voice was strong with terrible portent. "Perhaps they may see us."

Blanche Gladys was no coward. She took a white woven shawl from her shoulders, and, standing up, waved it in the air.

The terrible strain though, as the boat cut through the water swiftly, opened other gaps. The water leaked in both fore and aft.

After a few minutes the girl cried excitedly:

"They see us! A boat is putting off from the quay!"

Higher and higher rose the waves.

Jack rested on his oar a moment, and facing about, he looked towards the land.

When he turned again his eyes were bright and his lips were drawn.

"The boat will not float till they reach us. She must be lightened or we are all lost."

As he spoke he rose.

His mistress's countenance was pallid with terror.

"What would you do, Jack? What do you mean?"

"Pay back the debt of gratitude I owe you. All I am, all I have, is yours, and I thus restore it to you."

They could not prevent him, for it all lasted but a moment, and as he leaped into the sea the boat rose.

She fainted. With true manhood, and with nobleness of soul second only to his who sacrificed his all, her companion stopped the boat's course. He must be saved. But there came no sign.

The party of rescue met them, and rowed to land.

There was joy, yet how much sorrow. What a glorious trinity Kindness, Love and Gratitude is!

AT DEAD OF NIGHT,

BY PIPKIN.

A BRIGHT but stormy-looking sunset was illumining earth and sea, the west was aglow with ruddy lurid light, while dark jagged clouds, towering and crowding up from the horizon the while, seemed like sorrow closing round a great joy.

High up among the cliffs, so wildly beautiful to-night, was perched a cottage, a small nest of a place, a good ten minutes' walk along the coast away from the fishing village, nestling in a little cove.

On stormy nights how the wind raved and the tempest roared around the little dwelling! And not far out at sea lay some treacherous rocks, just below the surface of the water, upon which many an unwary vessel had drifted and gone down in the nights, when its living freight thought they were safe.

But to-night all was calm and lovely and restful; seemingly so, for the sea was treacherous, its beauty not always to be trusted. Still, who would have thought of storms or raging waves? Ah! who?

Polly Grey watched them from the kitchen of the little house on the cliff, and thought of her father out on the waters, pursuing his calling as a fisherman. Yes, Polly watched them, and with the wisdom of her eleven years foresaw a storm.

Her father, John Grey, was not expected home that night; but would he and his companions also foresee the storm? Polly could not tell; and just a little sinking feeling of fear stole into her brave, womanly heart as she pondered, nursing baby and stilling its cries, as she stood by the window.

Her mother was ill, sick unto death it was feared. A neighbor came round from the village and mounted up to them once in the day, that poor little bevy of small children, with a sick mother moaning out her weariness and unrest in the bedroom adjoining the kitchen, but taking note of nought and no one. But the neighbor had been and gone, the doctor had called and shaken his wise head; and little Polly was left to her long evening and night of watching without father. And she was equal to it.

Polly, too, was a good sister to the five young things, Jack, Sue, Willie, Fred, and the wee Nellie she held in her arms, a mite of a month or two. The elder ones had come crowding home from school, and had their tea; it would soon be bed-time for them, and that long, long night for Polly of watching, nursing and soothing both baby and mother.

Poor mother! the little ones's cries must have reached her in part, wandering, as her soul seemed to be, in darkness and distance from those who loved her so. Jack was with her now while Polly hushed baby to sleep, and the others were playing on the shore below.

But presently the children came mounting up among the sunset glories which were about their home, for they were tired, and would fain go to bed. And Polly tended them through the process of undressing, baby still in her arms; then she relieved Jack from his watch, and he too lay down, while she herself lighted a candle and took her seat by her mother.

By this time the rosy sunset had vanished, every streak of coloring faded from the sea, the cliffs and the waters were a dull grey in the gathering twilight, the latter motionless, the wind asleep. Would it awake? The little girl hoped not, watching those lurking clouds through the curtainless window of her mother's room. How silent it was!

But hark! the wind is rising, gust after gust came rushing by, it shrieked, and went wandering on, like a herald of what was coming. Now the waves felt it, and began to leap and rise, as if glad to join their wild playfellow in a midnight revel.

Polly hoped her father was safe, that he had seen the storm coming—he and his companions—and run into shelter higher up the coast, as he sometimes did. She tried to trust in God, and not to fear nor be afraid, either for them at home or father at sea. It was midnight—the little clock in the kitchen chimed the hour, and then—oh, God! what was that? The firing of a signal-gun out away near the Witches' Kettle, as the swirling waters were called around those murderous rocks where a lighthouse was so much needed.

The little girl stole across to the window. Yes; there a huge black something stood out in the darkness and the storm, where the white foam leaped and curled, as if boiling and seething around the rocks. Yes, the child knew the direction of the rocks too well to be mistaken. Ah! yes, there she lay; and again that boom came across the waters.

Polly hoped they in the village would hear, and, if possible, put out in a boat to the rescue.

But no; boom—boom! went the signal gun at shorter intervals; their need was greater, their peril nearer. Still, no dark forms were to be seen, hurrying along the solitary shore to put off to the rescue—and still the gun pleaded for aid.

Now mother moaned in her bed and grew restless. Polly went to her and soothed her like one in a dream—a dazed, bewildering dream, full of terror, heroic daring, and doubt and misgiving, because of the loving, womanly yearning still upon her. They in the village ought to be warned; strong men were there, sleeping through the night, knowing nought of that ship in peril. The wind bore the sound from them in their sturdy might, and brought it to her—a small, helpless girl, whose heart was rent and tossed about with childish questioning. Should she go and give the alarm?

Not from going half a mile among the cliffs did she shrink, but from leaving her mother—so sick, so unconscious—in the dead of night with only the slumbering children. She might wake Jack, but he was a timid boy, he would not go. Ought she to go? Oh! ought she? and the gun boomed out its pitiful call.

"Oh, God, tell me what to do, for Jesus' sake, who was once out in a storm Himself!" she cried to herself, clasping her hands, and straining her eyes to catch another glimpse of the distressed ship; there it was, still rocking and swaying. The thought came to her like an inspiration: if her father were out there, he would like some little girl to be strong and brave enough to trust all at home to God's hands for a short time, and to run to wake strong men to the rescue; and, somehow, it came to her that it would be a holy work, this turning from what was so dear to her for a little time. Her hands trembled, her cheeks grew pale.

She approached the bed; her mother muttered and was unrestful still; she bent over baby, she slept; she stole to the children's room, the sound of whose breathing met her at the door. Now for the brave effort! It wrung her heart to do it, yet she must; that gun, telling of the lives going down to death, seemed like a living tongue bidding her go.

And she went out through the blinding rain, the wind, the loneliness of midnight; and anon she was at the village, rapping at Peter Wells' door—Peter, so strong, so ready to save life.

"A ship is going down in the Witches' Kettle! Quick, quick, Peter! They've been firing a gun this long while." So she told her story.

"Aye, is it John Grey's little maid?" cried honest Peter. "A ship going down, d'ye say? Then we'll try to rob the fishes of the poor souls on her;" and hasty was the toilet he made, while Polly scudded back home, the sound of the church bell wakening the villagers stealing up to her as she ran.

Mother still muttering and unrestful; baby still sleeping. Now that the deed was done, the reaction came. How she went and sobbed by the side of her mother, who never heeded her! She went once more to the window. Dark forms were there now on the shore—they were shoving off a boat to the rescue. Then she stole away and called Jack.

"Jack," she whispered in his ear, "Jack, a ship is on the rocks, and I've been down to the village and told them, and now Peter Wells and a lot of them are gone out in a boat to save her. Come and peep into mother's room and see."

Tip-toeing their way to the window, the two children peered out. Still the storm, still the fury of waves and wind, but the signal gun had ceased its firing; and oh! by and by the boat returned, and landed a freight of trembling human beings. To and fro it went and came, and, with God's blessing, they were saved every one—seventy-five souls; and as the last boatful was landed the ship sank.

"Little maid," said Peter, who, when his work was done, mounted up to the solitary cottage of his neighbor to speak a word to his brave little daughter, "you ought to be called after the name of that other brave lass we read about, Grace Darling," laying his hand on the child's head, just as a shaft of rosy light darted through the kitchen window, and fell upon her fair hair like a crown.

"No, Peter, no; I didn't go out upon the sea, you know, I only—only—" faltered Polly, ready to cry with weakness, excitement, and joy.

"You only saved seventy-five human breathin' souls by doin' what not one girl in a hundred would have done—left a sick mother, and went a half mile's tramp in the rain, at dead of night, to save people you'd never seen."

"I thought of father, and Him who once thought so much of other folk," whispered the child through her tears, "and I did what I could."

"Yes, like her we read about in the Blessed Book. Maybe you'll not be forgotten by and by up yonder, no more than she," was the honest seaman's reply. "All the good we do for our Lord's people, if kind o' laid at His feet, will be gathered up by Him with the blessed words, 'Unto Me,' to make us glad through eternity."

The storm had passed now like a dream of the night, and sunshine was upon the heaving waters. And before the day was past there were sunshine and happiness in the cottage on the cliff, for father was home again, mother just a trifle better, and Polly's heart thrilling with thankfulness and solemn joy. "Seventy-five souls! seventy-five souls!" she kept whispering to herself, and knew that God had put it into her head and given her courage to be His little messenger servant, to send help to His people in dire need, at dead of night.

◆

THERE is no other greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing little characters, of helping back from wrong-doing and pushing forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid, but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

When Spring comes laughing, by vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking and daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning, sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell, and my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer, full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip, the orchard along:—
Sing hid, sweet honey, that no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses, and my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters the leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury the broad-wheeled wain,—
Sings flutes of harvest, where men rejoice;
Sings rounds of reapers, and my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter, with hail and storm,
And red fire roaring, and ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting, and my Love's heart.

THE VALUE OF THE TIP.

IN the manufacture of cigars there is little or no waste of material. The stems and ribs of the tobacco leaves that are rejected by the cigarmaker are sold to farmers as manure. The old scraps or cuttings go to the cigarette manufacturers or are sent to Europe to be smoked in pipes. Even the dust that is swept from the floor of the work-room where cigars are made has its price, and is used as an insect destroyer in hot-houses and gardens. Tobacco is too valuable to be wasted by the manufacturer.

It is after the cigar gets to the consumer that the waste begins. It is probably safe to say that on an average one-third of all the tobacco made into cigars is flung away in the shape of half-consumed stumps, and the smokers of the best cigars throw away the biggest stumps.

This waste is especially common in this country, where cigarholders are less used than in Europe.

Every morning bootblacks and rag-pickers gather from the gutters a harvest of cigar-stumps for their private use, though of late years this enterprise has fallen almost entirely into the hands of Italians, owing to the ascendency of the cheap cigarette and the growing self-esteem of the gamin.

The fact, familiar to every smoker, that a cigar once lighted and laid away, if only a few whiffs of smoke have been drawn through it, entirely loses its flavor, interferes with the value of the stump.

But the Italian ragpicker is not over-fastidious, and in his black clay pipe all tobacco tastes alike.

In Paris the gathering of cigar-stumps has grown to be a recognized industry. In one section there is a market for this commodity. Wholesale dealers purchase the stumps that are gathered in large lots by boys and beggars, and turn them into a poor quality of smoking tobacco that is purchased by the poorer classes or exported.

The tip or head of the cigar which by the American smoker is bitten off and tossed away, is in some parts of Europe carefully preserved, and made the basis of vast, organized charity. The history of its use which only dates back some fifteen or twenty years, is a fair illustration of the results that may be accomplished by economy in small things.

Some German philosopher of a practical turn calculated that much valuable tobacco was wasted by cigar smokers by the rejection of the tip, and that if a general collection of the tips could be made and the materiel could be put to use, a handsome revenue would be the result.

The conceit was laughed at, but was put to the test half seriously by a number of smokers. For want of an organized effort the first results were not encouraging, but the thing was talked of and created attention.

Smokers' clubs were organized in all parts of Germany—so-called tip societies—and a regular system of collections was devised. The members of the clubs made it their business to collect cigar tips among their friends, and boxes were put in tobacco stores and saloons for the same purposes. Every month a member of the club made his collection.

As charity was understood to be the object of the collections, sums of money were frequently found in the public boxes among the tips.

At the end of the year the tobacco was sold to snuff manufacturers, or for smoking tobacco.

With the money the clubs bought clothes and Christmas presents for orphan children or the inmates of other charitable institutions. The system as it became general, grew to extraordinary proportions. Hundreds of poor children are to-day clothed and fed in Germany through this simple means, despite the fact that Germany is rather a pipe-smoking than a cigar-smoking country.

In Berlin alone there are more than twenty collection officers, and the annual contribution of the tip societies forms a considerable item in the support of the State Orphan Asylum, the patroness of which is the Empress.

In Baden an effort is being made to build an orphan asylum by means of contributions, of which cigar tip collections are an important item.

The traveller will observe in tobacco stores throughout the country, and, in fact, throughout Europe, cigar-cutters that bear the inscription for 'Charity. Save the tip'.

In Germany or Austria a dealer, in preparing for a buyer purchased cigars, will often cut off the tip of each one, partly as a compliment to the costumer and partly as a help to his collection.

The plan has been adopted with success in England, where the proceeds of the collections are given to hospitals.

In Denmark the collection of cigar-tips furnishes material support for a charitable hospital in Copenhagen, and pays for the education and support of a number of poor girls up to the time of their confirmation, when they are able to take care of themselves.

In France the system does not appear to have taken root as yet. The Parisian tobacconist sells his cigar tips to florists, who fumigate their greenhouses with them to kill insects.

In this country, where more cigars are smoked than in all Europe together, the tip is contemptuously rejected. Of late years cigar-cutters have come into use in tobacco stores but without the "saving" clause that accompanies them in Europe. A few beggars collect the tips at certain stores and smoke them, but most dealers throw them in the ash barrel.

In the German districts an occasional collector will be met with, and in a prominent German club an effort was made not long since to introduce the system, but the departure for Europe of the promoter of the scheme put an end to the effort.

Tobacco dealers generally declare themselves ready to support and share in the movement, should an attempt be made to rouse public interest in it for charity's sake.

Grains of Gold.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

Never interrupt another person while speaking.

Hasty people drink the wine of life scalding hot.

If you are not very clever, you should be conciliatory.

Religion consists not in knowledge, but in a holy life.

An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

No man ever looked for the dark side of life without finding it.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any.

It is to live twice to be able to enjoy the retrospect of your past life.

Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of great thoughts.

Trying to admire that which you do not like accumulates failure, and exhibits weakness.

You cannot bring the best out of a man unless you believe the best is somewhere in him.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind: we have no right whatever to vilify them.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will be sure to find it a calamity.

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way of destruction.

It doesn't hurt a good man to have his character investigated; neither does it hurt a coin to try its ring.

A spirit of contradiction is so pedantic and hateful, that a man should watch against every instance of it.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon: for, bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here.

Those are the Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to be continually censuring others.

The chief properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

Neither a man nor a woman is entirely safe until he or she can endure blame and receive praise without excitement.

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgotten, but the latter sometimes.

No man will so speedily and violently resent a supposed wrong as he who is most accustomed to inflict injuries upon his associates.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told.

In the affairs of life activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

"Like a Fearful Dream."

"I have been so much better this summer," writes a lady who had used Compound Oxygen. "Every time I think of it I feel as if words would not express my pleasure or my thanks to you for what you have done for me. I shall never forget it. It seems like a fearful dream, when I think of two years ago. I dreaded to have night come, for I knew there was no rest for me, but that I must bear the pain and sickness as well as I could until another morning, which I dreaded to see, for I was so weak it seemed as if I could not see even my own family. Sometimes I wished I could stop breathing, just to get a little rest. Now it is so different. I sleep good the most of the time, and am well, compared with what I was then." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Wrinkles are not so ugly as bad nature.

American girls abroad can buy noblemen very low just now.

A lack of bashfulness in seaside bathing-suits is again complained of.

There is nothing more chilling to an ardent lover than the Beautiful's No.

A Down East paper tells of a Yankee lass who is as "æsthetic as all get-out."

An Ohio girl has written a poem about ice-cream and calls it a "frozen dream."

A wife should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

When a woman becomes a laundress late in life she may be said to have reached the iron age.

An Ohio woman was divorced on Thursday, and ten minutes later was married to a man from Pittsburg.

One of our young ladies who keeps an autograph album exclusively for male signatures refers to it as her "him book."

A lady who drew a gentleman's dressing-gown at a recent church fair now wishes to draw a good-looking young man to put in it.

Whenever young ladies learn to so stick a pin in their apron strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist there will be more marriages.

Six-year-old innocent—"Mamma, why is Mrs. Ficklelove called a grass widow?" Mamma—"Because Mr. Ficklelove died of hay fever, my love."

There is no need of young ladies rooting in a rouge box to get up a healthy color when a little judicious application of the scrubbing brush to the kitchen floor will accomplish like results.

A New York lady has taken pains to learn that only one person out of fourteen likes musk, and the one person out of fourteen who does like it is perfectly willing to offend the other fourteen.

"What beautiful hair that young lady has," remarked Jones in a half-audible tone. "Yes," replied Pingrey, "but it isn't hers." "'Tis false!" cried the young lady, suddenly facing round.

A heroic and noble man's first thought when his house took fire recently, was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from a burning staircase by promptly throwing her from a third-story window.

When a young wife heard her uncle say it was easy to make some people believe that the moon is made of green cheese, she remarked that she agreed with him if it were honeymoons he was talking about.

Given two widows of the same age, the same social condition, the same character, one of whom had a bad husband and the other a good one, which of the two will have the stronger desire to get married again?

Women who paint have just discovered what has long been known to those of the stage, that the face can be made round by putting the rouge in the centre of the cheeks, and elongated by putting it on a line near the mouth.

It is asserted that some Canadian women have been doing quite a thriving business in smuggling baby carriages over the line by coming to the American side bearing a baby in their arms and wheeling it back in a carriage.

Miss Featherfuss, sitting in the front pew in her gorgeous new hat, was totally oblivious of the innocent little tag that told to the congregation that that stunning spray of flowers cost her just "[illegible]." "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

A beautiful thought appreciated: An excited old maid in a temperance lodge a few evenings since read an original poem entitled, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," and the young men present gave her three cheers.

A young lady of New York has earned the title of "the thirsty horses' friend," because she "loves to see the horses drink." She has erected in Madison Square, in sight of her house, a stone fountain and drinking-trough at an expense of $6,000.

A new autograph-album has just been made which conceals a revolver in the back, so that when the album is presented to the helpless victim, death stares him in the face until he has penned a beautiful sentiment and written a signature that his banker would refuse to recognize.

Two Cincinnati sisters, one a dark brunette and the other light blonde, are described by a fashion correspondent as so anxious about harmony in colors that each has a part of their parlor furnished and decorated with special reference to her own complexion. When receiving callers, each stays as much as possible at her own end of the room.

There is a woman in New York who at times drapes her house in mourning and has crape on the door. She pins back curtains with butcher knives and lectures to an imaginary audience. She goes out on the street as a bride and again as a person in deep mourning. Her husband is afraid of her and sleeps dressed in his working-clothes, prepared to get out of the house at any time.

A Wisconsin paper tells of a certain resident of that city, thirty years of age, who suddenly met a buxom lass upon the street, an entire stranger, and as suddenly fell in love with her. They were introduced, she reciprocated his affections (or said she did) and within three hours the twain went off and were married. We hope a marriage so hasty will not lead to repentance at leisure.

A dry-goods clerk, who had a most outlandish way of walking, had to go to a distant part of the store to find some goods which a party of feminine customers wished to see. "Walk this way, ladies," he called, as he swung himself off. "But we can't walk that way," cried a pert miss; "we never learned that style, you know." The clerk is now drilling his tibia in the motion of a new gait.

Twelve years ago a young couple fell in love as they journeyed on shipboard from Sweden to America. They were poor and resolved to get a little start before marrying. She went into service in Chicago and he sought his fortune in the far West. During all these years of struggle they remained true to each other, though fortune had frowned upon the man. Recently he has been successful, and the girl has just gone to the home he has built for her at Denver.

News Notes.

The comet is split in two pieces.

A spoiled egg will float on top of water.

Low shoes in fanciful forms grow in favor.

Virginia recently had a shower of peanut shells.

Hancock clubs are re-organizing in California.

The latest craze in art work is bronzing plaster casts.

There are eight hundred licensed newsboys in Detroit.

Cockroaches are recommended as good bait for black bass.

Indian brass bands are a feature of Canadian watering places.

Cast-iron stoves are said to be more healthy than any other kind.

More than half the ships of the globe are coaled with English coal.

A strong solution of tobacco water, it is said, will kill potato bugs.

The Napoleanic "N." on the French bridges is being chiseled off.

All fashionable handkerchiefs are enriched in some way with color.

The outcry against Chinese cheap labor has been raised in South Wales.

A head of lettuce, two feet across, was lately exhibited at a California fair.

The Greeks have erected a statue of Byron on the spot where his heart is buried.

In New Orleans are shooting matches in which bats are thrown from the traps.

Wreaths of oat blossoms are twined around hats designed for country wear.

The amount paid for pensions during the fiscal year ending June 30 was [illegible].

In parts of California boys are by ordinance prohibited from smoking cigarettes.

Cremation is gaining favor in Denmark, and a crematory is to be built at Copenhagen.

It is said that three and a million copies of the revised New Testament have been sold in America.

Tough meat may be made quite tender by soaking it in vinegar and water for six or seven hours.

The astronomer, Kepler, thought the celestial spaces were as full of comets as the sea is of fishes.

The newest thing in collars has one end longer than the other, lapped over on the front of the dress.

The United States carried 8,250,000 tons of merchandise in [illegible], and Great Britain about [illegible] tons.

An Indiana man overturned a bee-hive on the day he was to have been married, and was fatally stung.

From the letters in the word regulations some one has found 2000 English words of not less than four letters.

Pennsylvania now holds third place as a tobacco-growing State, having advanced from the twelfth in 1870.

The arrival of two pairs of genuine mosquitoes in London has occasioned considerable comment by the press.

An Illinois dog was sixteen days in digging his way out of a hole into which he had burrowed for a polecat.

A dish of the tongues of nightingales which had been fed on myrtles appeared on an English dinner-table lately.

In some of the graveyards of Western cities where body-snatching is prevalent, bombs are placed in the new-made graves.

A Florida fisherman, while digging worms for bait the other day, struck a brass kettle that was found to contain $140 in coin.

The new constitution of the Episcopal diocese of Iowa permits women to vote at vestry meetings for officers of the church.

A pet dog which had been allowed to lick the face of a New York child suffering from scarlet fever was attacked by hydrophobia and killed.

A Baltimorean who has succeeded in raising "countless millions of young oysters," says that some American oysters will yield the almost incredible number of [illegible] eggs.

The grave of a little girl buried in a Georgia town twenty-two years ago, was opened recently and the features of the child were as perfect as on the day of burial. The flowers in her hands were also perfectly preserved.

A California woman in fair circumstances sold her fifteen-year-old daughter to a rich old rancher. The girl happened to tell her woes to a newsboy of twenty-three, whose train passed near the ranch, and he in his valor married her in order to rescue her.

An Iowa city has a praying band of women who hold services every Sunday in the jail. A member became infatuated with a handsome young horse-thief, and planned to help him escape by disguising him in woman's clothes as one of the band. But she failed.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

New Publications.

St. Nicholas, for July, has among its "Fourth-o'-July" contents a frontispiece which represents a scene upon ship-board, on the night Fort McHenry was bombarded by the British, in 1814, and during which Francis Scott Key wrote on his knee that famous song, "The Star Spangled Banner." Its other contents, stories, etc., illustrated and otherwise are: Captain Sarah Bates; How to Keep a Fresh-water Aquarium; Phaeton Rogers, by Rossiter Johnson, with illustrations by W. Taber; and Saltillo Boys, by William O. Stoddard, with pictures by R. B. Birch, and interesting serials. Dr. Felix L. Oswald has illustrated papers describing Adventures in the American Tropics; Stories of Art and Artists, humorous verses, jingles, and comical pictures. Scribner & Co., Publishers, New York.

Appleton's Journal, for July, among other interesting articles, has in its list of contents: Saints and Sinners, from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, in five parts, Part II: Arab Humor, Part I; Babies and Science; The Two Prisoners, from the German of Prof. Riehl; The Fortunes of Literature, Under the American Republic, by George Edward Woodburn; Mrs. Lamb's History of New York; A Dialogue on Poetic Morality, by Vernon Lee; One Year in a German Cooking School; At Home in Fiji; French Family Life and Manners, by Karl Hillebrand; Old Dreams, a poem; Editor's Table, and Notes for Readers. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for June, contains: The Land of Khemi, Part I; The Arsinoite Nome; Mattie; The History of an Evening; The Fountain of Youth; The Private Secretary, Part VIII; Norwegian Sonnets; Boelco and the Commedia Dell' Arte; The Cruise of the Coya; A Talk About Odes; The Second Stage of the Land Bill, and the Index to Vol. CXXIX. Received from W. B. Zieber. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York.

North American Review, for July, contains articles on the Present Aspect of the Indian Problem, by Carl Schurz; The Religious Conflicts of the Age, by a Yankee Farmer; The Power of Public Plunder, by James Parton; The Common Sense of Taxation, by Henry George; A Study of Tennyson, by Richard Henry Stoddart, etc., etc. This magazine represents the leading thought of the day and nation, and is one of the best published.

The Nursery holds its own effectually against all competition. It was never more charming than in its recent issue. Shorey & Co., Publishers, Boston.

* * *

THE MOON.—The substance of the moon is more known to us than that of the brigher luminary. There is ground for supposing that all is solid at its surface, for it appears, in powerful telescopes, as a dry mass, on which some have thought they could perceive the effects, and even the explosions, of volcanoes. There are mountains on the surface of the moon which rise to the height of nearly two miles; and, it has been inferred that it has deep cavities, like the basins of our seas. Men on board a ship, while lying in the moonlight, with their faces exposed to the beams, often have their muscles spasmodically distorted, and their mouths drawn awry; others have been so injured in their sight as to lose it for several months. Fish hung up all night in the light of the moon, when eaten next day, has occasioned violent sickness and excruciating pains. The missionaries in India mention that he who has slept in the moonlight is heavy when he awakes, and as if deprived of his senses. This corresponds with what the old Greek author, Plutarch, notices: "Everybody knows that those who sleep abroad under the influence of the moon are not easily waked, but seem stupid and senseless." Plutarch's notices are:—The moon has some influence on flesh; meat corrupts sooner in the moonlight than in the sun—nurses are cautious of exposing their infants to the moonbeams—the full moon is thought to influence child-birth—hence Diana, or the moon, was made the goddess of child-birth—the carpenters refuse trees cut in the full of the moon, as softer—farmers usually thrash their wheat in the wane; it is then drier and bears the flail better; in the full, it is moist and bruised—dough leavens in the full—at this time most dew falls. An author, who lived thirty years in forests, remarks that trees cut in the full moon split, and the wood soon rots. The aerolites, or great stones that fall occasionally from the air, are either consolidated in the atmosphere, or come to us from the moon, which many philosophers think probable.

* * *

CARRIER PIGEONS.—Carrier pigeons were used by the ancients pretty much the same as they are by ourselves to-day. Pliny says that these birds were used by Brutus and Hirtius during the siege of a town by Marc Antony. In 1764, at the siege of Leyden, they were used by the Prince of Orange, and by their means he succeeded in freeing a town that was besieged. To show his gratitude, he ordered that the sagacious birds should be fed on strawberries, and that when dead, they should be embalmed with all honor. In Pliny's time, navigators on their safe arrival, liberated them to convey the good news to their families.

* * *

UNHEALTHY or inactive kidneys cause gravel, Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters, if taken in time.

Humorous.

People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. This is very foolish; there are lots of other people to worry.

A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anyone could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

A paragraph starts out with the advice: "Save your undertaker's bill." This is too fragmentary. Better save all your bills, if they are receipted.

When a man intends doing any wrong he puts honor where it will do the most good—behind him. If he is found out he can fall back on his honor, you see.

Recipe for becoming æsthetic: One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings, and a job lot of old crockery-ware. Mix. No brains whatever required.

A subscriber asks if we can recommend a cheap and popular watering-place. Certainly; just let us know where it is, and we'll recommend it. That's the kind we approve of.

There are undoubtedly a great many things which are better than riches; but riches are good enough for those of us who feel humble, and wish to leave something for other people.

Silver must be declining in value. A little boy in this vicinity recently swallowed a trade dollar. They gave him an emetic, and all they could raise out of him was eighty-five cents in pennies.

"Had drank" is not good English grammar, says a high authority. It certainly is not. "Was drunk" is far better grammar, and more in accordance with the real facts, nine times out of ten.

"You are feeling much better, madam, than you did when I saw you last," said the physician, pressing his fingers gently upon the patient's left wrist. "Oh, much better, thank you. Just after you left, little Johnnie upset the table and broke all the medicine-bottles."

When they dig up a skull anywhere, it is now becoming common to say that a lightning-rod man disappeared about four years ago, and it is probably his. By saying it is a lightning-rod man, it prevents any anxiety on the part of the populace to have the murderer found and punished.

Young man, in the bright lexicon of whose youth there is no such thing as a first commandment with promise: "Mamma, do you know I'm real glad you're my mother?" Mother, equally surprised and touched—"Why, my dear son?" Young man—"Because you can't ever be my mother-in-law."

* * *

If the mother is feeble it is impossible that her children should be strong. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a perfect specific in all chronic diseases of the sexual system of women. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

My Good Woman.

Why are you so out of sorts, never able to tell folks that you are well? Ten to one it's all caused in the first place by habitual constipation, which no doubt finally caused deranged kidneys and liver. The sure cure for constipation is the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is also a specific remedy for all kidney and liver diseases. Thousands are cured by it every month. Try it at once.—Toledo Blade.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

* * *

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

Feeble and Sickly Persons

Recover their vitality by pursuing a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most popular invigorant and alterative medicine in use. General debility, fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and other maladies are completely removed by it. Ask those who have used it what it has done for them.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. **HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.** Been in use 20 years,—is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. [illegible] Catalogue free. 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD

Macaulay's History of England, 5 Vols., 12mo vols. cloth; only $2.00. Taine's History of Eng. Literature, 1 Vol. 12mo vol. handsomely bound, for only 60 cts. Full descriptive catalogue free.

MANHATTAN BOOK CO. 16 W. 14th St. N.Y. P.O. Box 4580.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—Wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 N. Delaware Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WILSON PATENT ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST. Address,

WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO.,
661 Broadway, New York.

C. G. STODDART,
Broker in Stocks
—AND—
Miscellaneous Securities,
312 STOCK EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

Buys and Sells on Commission for Cash or Margin. All securities dealt in at the New York or Philadelphia Stock Exchanges. Oil certificates of the United and other Pipe lines bought or sold for cash, or on margin. Also deals in first-class Stock Privileges. $100 and upwards invested to the best advantage—according to the wishes of the sender. Correspondence solicited. Orders by mail or telegraph faithfully and promptly executed.

G. STODDART,
312 Exchange Place, Philada.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again; I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness

a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and Trial Bottle of my infallible remedy. It costs you nothing, and I will cure you. Give Express and Post-Office. Address,

DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Ladies!

"NEUTRO-PILLENE" permanently removes superfluous hair in five minutes without pain, discoloration or injury.

"CLEOPATRA'S SECRET" quickly restores or develops the figure to proportions of perfect nature. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Send stamp for particulars. WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., 662 SPRUCE ST., PHILADELPHIA.

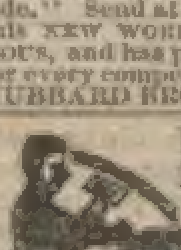
An Extraordinary Offer to Agents.—Goods Unsold Returned. If you are out of employment, and want to start in a business you can make from $5 to $10 a day clear, and take no risk of loss. We will send you on receipt of $11 goods that will sell readily in a few days for $25. If the agents fails to sell these goods in four days they can return all unsold to us, and we will return them their money. Can anything be fairer? We take all risk of loss, and the agent gets started in a business that will be permanent, and pay from $1,000 to $3,000 a year. Ladies can do as well as men. We want an agent in every county. Full particulars free. Address,

U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
118 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

MADAME BOIVIN'S PILLS

FOR LADIES are a prompt and reliable remedy for regulating all derangements, curing weaknesses, inflammations, dragging pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritable bladder, leucorrhœa, and all derangements originating in menstrual troubles. Prepared from the prescription that made the name of Boivin celebrated throughout all Europe. Nine-tenths of all the ladies suffer ills these pills will cure. Sent postpaid for $1 per box. SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Box 230, Buffalo Y., sole American Agents.

ONE Agent **has averaged over $70 a week** profit for two months selling **Dr. Tiffany's "Gems."** Don't waste time and effort, or complain for want of profitable business. **The Journal of Education** says, "If we were to select only one choice book for the home, we should unhesitatingly choose 'Gems for the Fireside.'" Send at once for full particulars regarding this NEW WORK, which is already BECOMING FAMOUS, and has proved the **touchstone of success** for every competent solicitor who has engaged with us. HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.



Do Your Own Printing!

$3 Press for cards, &c. Self-inker $4. Larger sizes for business use, pleasure, boys. Type setting easy by printed instruction. Great money-saver and money-maker. Send 2 cent stamp for Catalogue of Presses, Type, etc., to manufacturers.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

$10.60 FOR 40c.

Any one sending me 40 cents and the addresses of fifty of their acquaintances, will receive by return mail goods that retail at $10.60. Send one-cent stamp, and if you want a fortune don't let this chance slip. I assure all that I carry out in good faith this offer.

J. T. HENRY,
Box 127, Buffalo, N. Y.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF BY SENDING 35 cents money, or 40 cts. postage stamps, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 44 Fultonville, N. Y. I will refund the money if not satisfied.

RIDGE'S FOOD The most reliable food For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

70 NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS, Name on 10c. or 40 all GILT AND BEVEL EDGE CARDS 10c. The U. S. CARD FACTORY, Clintonville, Conn.

50 Cards, Chromo, motto roses, etc., all new style, name on 10c. Sample 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

25 Lovely Paneled Motto Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. Agts wanted. Victor Co. Northford, Ct.

50 All Gold Chromo and Lit's Cards (no 2 alike.) Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

Facetiæ.

He that lendeth to the tramp giveth to the saloonist.

Rum and the neighbors tell on a dissipated man.

Grass gets its dew—about the only thing in the world that does.

A disagreeable young man—One whose idea of fun differs from yours.

The man who makes light of everything is not necessarily very brilliant himself.

A woman who tells fortunes from a teacup need not necessarily be a sorceress.

A doorkeeper at the theatre would make a good fortune-teller if he could tell the future as well as the passed.

Bridget being told to put a little nutmeg into the rice-pudding, picked out the smallest one in the box and threw it in.

There are so many towns in Illinois where they fine a man for swearing, that a stranger never knows when it is safe for him to talk about the weather.

Georgie (four years old) at the tea-table: "Mamma, may I have some sardines?" Mamma: "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie." Georgie (surprised): "Why, ma, it's me that wants 'em."

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He smilingly replied: "Wet, ma'am; very wet."

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly. "'T any rate, I'd be very willing to swap."

Parson Jelly remarked to a penurious companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he was not glad of it. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose so; but it seems a pity to have anything wasted."

"The Midnight Sun" is the title of a fine descriptive article going the rounds of the press. But in these degenerate days the midnight son is a passably good boy: it is the three-o'clock-in-the morning son who grieves his parents by his dissipation.

A member of the North Carolina legislature, dining at a hotel, saw a pod of red pepper near at hand. He thougt it was a new kind of fruit and took a bite. The tears streamed down his cheeks as he put the pod down, saying, "Darn you, lay there and cool."

"Don't talk to me about the descent of species!" exclaimed Jones. "You can't make me believe, for instance, that I descended from a monkey." "Don't get excited," replied Fogg; "there is no evidence that you have descended from the monkey—none whatever."

"Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Some men will ride ten miles or more in a dirty and close smoking-car on a railroad, and be happy; but the same men, if they had only half a dozen blocks to go in a horse-car, will open all the ventilators and howl for air, without regard to the feelings of all the other passengers.

A Chicago clergyman not long since met a prominent saloon-keeper, with whose family he was acquainted. "How is it that I never see you in church?" asked the pastor. "Because I don't go there. If you reverends don't patronize my saloon I am not going to patronize your churches. I think it is your business to set the good example and come first."

◆

Suffering Women.

There is but a very small proportion of the women of this nation that do not suffer from some of the diseases for which Kidney-Wort is specific. When the bowels have become costive, headache torments, kidneys out of fix, or piles distress, take a package, and its wonderful tonic and renovating power will cure you, and give new life.—Watchman.

TRADE-MARK
KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE
IN EITHER LIQUID OR DRY FORM
That Acts at the same time on
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS.

WHY ARE WE SICK?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT
WILL SURELY CURE
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
PILES, CONSTIPATION, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

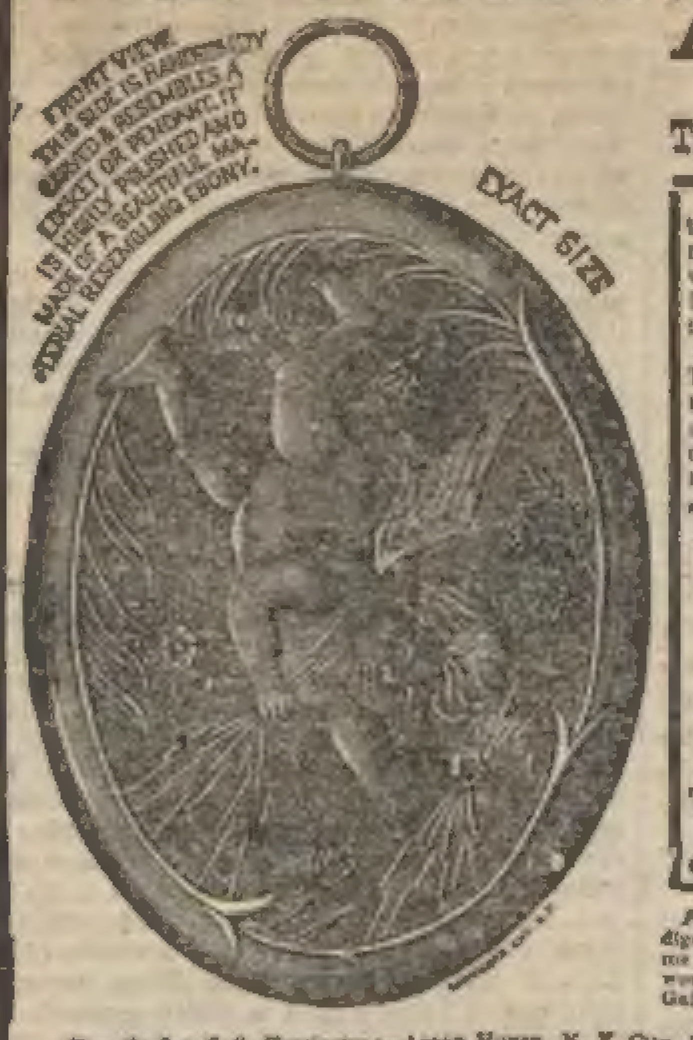
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

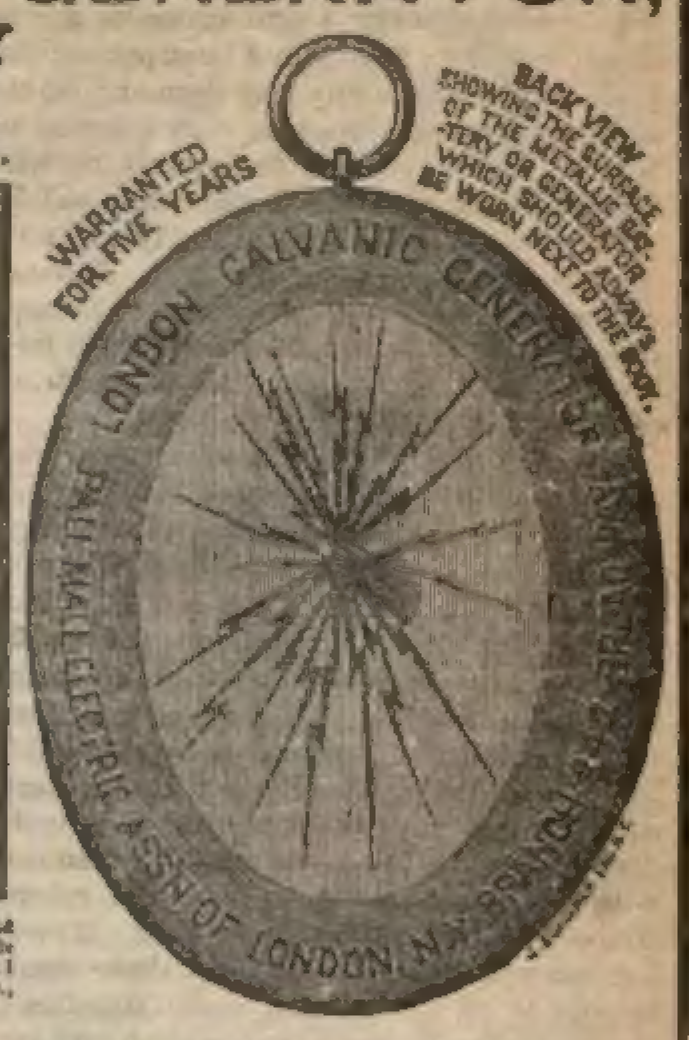
Why suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!

Use KIDNEY-WORT *and rejoice in health.*

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.
GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.


FRONT VIEW. THIS SIDE IS HANDSOMELY CHASED & RESEMBLES A LOCKET OR PENDANT. IT IS HIGHLY POLISHED AND MADE OF A BEAUTIFUL MATERIAL RESEMBLING EBONY.
EXACT SIZE


BACK VIEW SHOWING THE SURFACE OF THE METALLIC BATTERY OR GENERATOR WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS BE WORN NEXT TO THE BODY.
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS
LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR
PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASS'N OF LONDON, N.Y. BRANCH

A REMARKABLE ENGLISH INVENTION.
THE LONDON GALVANIC GENERATOR,
A ROYAL REMEDY
Now offered to the American Public by
The Pall Mall Electric Ass'n, of London.

A great revolution in medical practice has spread throughout England. It has been discovered that most remarkable cures attend the application of a newly invented Galvanic Generator to diseased parts of the body. Experience has shown that they act immediately upon the blood, nerves and tissues, producing more relief in a few hours than medicine has given in weeks and months. There is no shock or unpleasant feeling attending their use, and they can be worn day or night, interfering in no way with the dress or occupation of daily life. Full directions accompany each one. Every mail brings us most gratifying letters from those using them.

THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES
Stomach, Liver & Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Gout, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills & Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, & all their Complications.
There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately.
A Guarantee goes with every Generator,
OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

From a Railroad Contractor:—Boston, Mass., January 29th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex. Inclosed is $3. R. H. Sanders.

From the Rev. C. Q. Huntington:—Astor House, N. Y. City, Thursday.—While visiting your city, attending a meeting of our clergy, I was induced to buy your Generator for indigestion and dyspepsia, from which I have suffered for years. Nothing hitherto tried did me any good; but, believing in electricity, and having found an infallible cure for headache in Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I determined to buy a Generator, which, I am glad to say, relieved me at once, and I now feel entirely cured. I shall lose no opportunity to recommend it, and take this method of thanking you. [Rev.] C. Q. Huntington.

From a Naval Officer:—Philadelphia, Pa., February 4th, 1881.—Your Generator has proved a blessing to me. I have been a great sufferer from liver trouble and constipation, but am now relieved entirely. I was doubtful at first, as I had tried all sorts of batteries and pads without effect. There is no trouble in wearing it, and it certainly is more agreeable than drugs. E. T. Crawford, U. S. N.

From Major A. H. Townsend:—Chicago, Ill., December 17th 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Inclosed find $.., please send me two more for a friend. [Major] A. H. Townsend.

Many more could be printed, did space permit.

Having purchased the sole right to introduce them in America, we will send them on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $1, which will be returned, if they fail to relieve after a reasonable time. Inclose 10 cts. for registration. Remittance can be made in Check, Draft, Post Office Order, Currency or Stamps, and should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, No. 842 Broadway, New York [*Mention this Paper*], or we will send them by Express, C. O. D., with the privilege of opening and examining, but the Express Charges will add considerably to your cost; or ask your Druggist to obtain them for you. Agents wanted in every town.

You have been imposed upon if you have bought a "Battery,' 'Pad,' or 'Medal,' thinking it was the Generator.
Its great success in England has Caused the Market to be Flooded with Cheap, Worthless Imitations. See that the Name "Pall Mall" is stamped on the Back.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.
Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

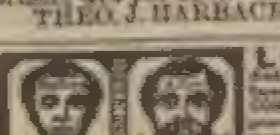
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

AUTOMATIC CABINET—PLAY ANY TUNE.
ORGANS only $5.
Music 4c. per foot. *Illustrated Catalogues free.*
THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Luxuriant Mustache
[illegible]
L. L. SMITH & Co., U. S. Agts, Palatine,

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

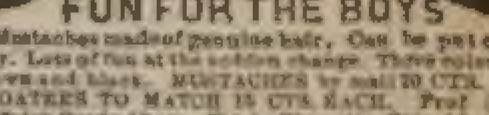
RIDGE'S FOOD
For Infants and Invalids.

OLD PEOPLE whose digestive powers are impaired will find this diet invaluable. Many are adopting this article as a DAILY DIET. It is superior and more palatable than oatmeal and other similar preparations, and being thoroughly cooked in its manufacture it does not sour or spoil. For those suffering from INDIGESTION, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, it is unsurpassed, as its soothing and nourishing properties particularly adapt it to all conditions of the stomach.

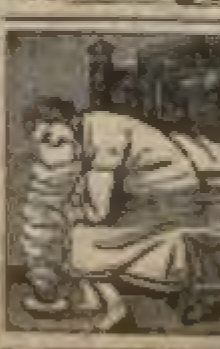
Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of Children are saved every year by its use.

RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over.

Put up in cans, and sold by druggists everywhere.
WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.



JUST WHAT YOU WANT
FUN FOR THE BOYS
False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS. 3 for 50 CTS. GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 25 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps sixteen high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsy Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners [illegible] Morsels of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Sherman's Guide [illegible] Our Knowledge Box or old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.
World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.



Smithnight's
ASTHMA REMEDY
The Only Sure Remedy for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample package and testimonials free. *Address*
LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

ALTHOUGH striped, chequered, and shaded materials and brocades are so much in vogue, it must not be supposed that plain fabrics are in any way demode; on the contrary they still remain very general favorites, more especially for combining with the more showy figured materials, subduing the colors of these and greatly adding to the general effect of the costume. In fancy materials the choice is almost unlimited, chequers, or rather tartans, and bayaderes heading the list, and they are adapted and combined in numberless ways.

Some of the prettiest woollen materials are in a neutral shade, grey or beige, striped with threads in red or some other bright tint, or flaked with gold-colored silk, and silk in all the colors of the most brilliant gems. The colors in tartans are also varied and gay: chequers in sapphire and beige, mauve and navy blue, fawn color and seal brown, faded leaf and prune, brightened by threads in brighter colors forming large squares, are very fashionable, and stylish dresses are made of these materials trimmed with satin or surah matching the colored stripes, or plain machine stitching. Traveling costumes will be made in these combinations in all colors with small mantles to match, and will prove both stylish and convenient.

Spotted fabrics are again making their appearance, but the spots are exceedingly small and so mingled, shade upon shade, with the material, that they show only in certain lights like shot silks; the effect of the spots is less dazzling and more pleasing than when they are of a decided shade differing from the ground.

Among a number of light silken fabrics the prettiest is foulard satin in all shades of grey, Chartreuse, and faded tints covered with quaint designs of palms, trefoils, and lozenges, formed of tiny flowers and foliage in all colors. Crepe foulards are also new and pretty; they are like Chinese silk in texture, and have patterns of the most extraordinary and far-fetched character. The simplest of these patterns are in Japanese style in every conceivable color; landscapes, fans, blocks, and piles of plates and dishes do not show any great originality of conception, and these designs are, in fact, a mere continuance of the queer patterns which were introduced last season but met with no very warm approval.

Plush has entirely given place to satin and surah merveilleux, and some lovely toilettes are made of these, and of all the soft and silky looking mousselines de laine, foulards, and Chinese silks. A stylish toilette, for instance, has the satin skirt pleated and puffed in panels, and the tunic, or, properly speaking, the scarfs of broche crossing one another in front and forming with their long ends three half circles at the back, with three tabs falling in a cascade through the centre half circle. A coat bodice and waistcoat of brocaded surah, with a lace ruffle round the neck and cuffs of brocade and lace. Brocade can be strongly recommended.

Among some pretty spring and summer toilettes is one with a short skirt of kerseymere cloth, made with triple perpendicular pleats and trimmed with two scarfs, one of them of Algerian striped surah, crossing one another and draped on one side. The bodice has very short basques forming a postillion at the back, and for wearing out of doors a little drawn fichu of Algerian surah is added. Another pretty dress is of speckled grey voile trimmed to the waist with narrow ruched flounces; the tunic is raised and draped on the left side with a bow of ribbon, and the bodice gathered on the shoulders and drawn in very closely at the waist is crossed under a waistband fastened with a bow, and joining the one on the skirt with a loop of ribbon. This toilette must be made up on a foundation of silk or sateen.

A very handsome and becoming dress is of copper-colored satin merveilleux; the front of the skirt is pleated diagonally, forming a point in the centre ornamented with a beaded passementerie motif matching the color of the dress. At the side a scarf is arranged lengthwise and fixed to the edge of the skirt with gatherings, while at the top it is lost among the drapings and puffs. The bodice has basques pointed in front, fluted on the hips, and finishing on the back in a puff and passementerie ornament.

Limousine cloth is a very favorite material for dresses, and it certainly is extremely pretty with its grey or beige ground and tiny stripes of some bright color, and makes most stylish and inexpensive dresses. Plain woollen fabrics are also much used, but with them the parements, collar, and revers, etc., should always be of silk or satin merveilleux, as they give to the simplest toilette a distingue and cared-for appearance, which, with pretty Watteau buttons, gives character to the whole.

Wedding dresses are now almost always made of white brocade, with the train taken in its whole length, while the front of bodice, on the contrary, is cut with long basque raised in the centre with a bouquet of orange blossoms. This basque is rounded gracefully at the sides, forming small paniers on the hips, and losing itself in the folds of the train at the back. The front of the skirt is of surah satin, finely gathered in vandykes, and a scarf of lampas springs from the right hip draping the tablier, and is raised on the left side with a spray of orange flowers falling on the train.

Spanish lace and steel and jet beaded passementerie are the favorite trimmings for all the summer mantles, whether they are of satin merveilleux, surah, or cashmere. For instance, a pretty model is of satin merveilleux with a deep trimming of Spanish lace, ornamented with drops of steel beads, headed with steel lace. Another flounce of lace forms the collar which is drawn in at the neck with a bow of satin ribbon, the ends trimmed with a fringe of beads. Other stylish mantles are of soft faille with a gathered fichu, and some have handsome trimmings of white steel intermixed with lots of Spanish lace.

The long neglected scarf has again made its appearance; no doubt it will meet with some opposition at first, for, after being used to comfortable visites and mantles, ladies are not quite prepared for the scarf which requires to be "kept in place;" but still fashion having decided for the Directoire scarf we shall soon admire and adopt it too, and deck ourselves in fichus a la Tallien passed within the waistband, and broche mantelets in all the soft tints of sky blue, pink, steel, old gold, amber, and silver, which our grandmothers wore with so much pride.

For very dressy occasions, such as fetes and garden parties, there will be fanciful mantles of Pompadour satin or surah trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon, and, as the summer continues, pretty little fichus of shaded silk gauze edged with Spanish blonde of the same shaded color, or of Mechlin lace lined with colored surah, the two ends drawn across the chest with a bow of ribbon and again fastened near the neck with a butterfly bow of the shaded color, with two narrow gathered lace flounces forming a coquettish little nest for a bouquet of roses du Roi.

Fireside Chat.

ENTREES—[CONTINUED.]

CURRIED MUTTON.—It has been said somewhere that "it is wise never to eat curry at a house where the host offers you a potato with the rice," this being a sign that in that house the art of good curries is not understood. In a measure, we agree; there should be sufficient well-boiled light rice served with it to make potatoes a superfluity. If prepared in the following way we can promise a most inviting dish. Take the white heart of a cabbage, chop it fine, add two apples, in thin slices, the juice of a lemon, pepper and salt, mix all well together and fry in some butter. Prepare your meat, by cutting it into good shaped pieces, not very large ones, freeing it from most of the fat; raw meat is best, but if underdone it will do, in case economy has to be considered. Peel and cut downwards two good sized onions, or one Spanish onion, fry a nice brown in some fresh butter, dredge in a little flour, drain out the onions when done, and into the same butter put the meat, also frying it to a good brown, taking care it does not burn. Mix a dessertspoonful of curry powder with a little cold water until as thick as mustard and turn this on to the meat. Put in a stewpan a little stock, enough to well cover the bottom, into this put the fried meat and cabbage and apple and stew gently over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour, then add onions and a little more stock and some salt and red pepper, and stew for half an hour; when done, add a cup of good milk or cream. The pan must be kept covered while the curry is stewing. Chutnee should always be served with curry.

Fillets of Mutton and Tomato Sauce.—From the leg of mutton of the day before, cut pieces the shape of a pear about half an inch thick, lay them in some good stock for half an hour, then drain quite dry, rub with egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry a nice rich brown; have ready some tomato sauce, or stewed tomatoes highly seasoned will do, pour it round the mutton, garnish with parsley and serve hot. This helps to utilize cold mutton, that sometimes is found difficult to convert into acceptable dishes.

Vol au Vent.—We must not omit this very excellent *entree* that admits of such a variety of forms. The first essential point is to have a good puff paste ornamented according to taste. Out of this, cut the required shape, about half an inch thick for a large, and a quarter of an inch for small ones, two for each. Out of one of each of these the centre is to be cut, leaving a rim round. The cut one is to be put upon the other, first wetting the edge of the lower one, so that the ring may adhere to it. When they are baked, the ring will be found to be fast to the under crust, and the centre piece loose, so that it can be removed and replaced as a cover after the paste has been filled with whatever is intended. The ragout, which is to be put in this, can be made according to fancy. Either a stew made from mushrooms, truffles, and sweetbreads, with a brown highly seasoned sauce, or the same with a white sauce can be used. Another filling can be made from chopped truffles, and sweetbreads, hard boiled eggs, olives, gherkins, crayfish, and chopped ham, all stewed with a little good stock and tomato sauce. Oysters stewed in their own liquor and a little butter, with some tomatoes well seasoned, or some sheep's brains and a few mushrooms chopped, make a nice variety.

Stewed Mushrooms and Pigeons.—Cut the pigeons up as for a fricassee, put them on the fire in a stewpan with enough stock or water to cover them. When nearly done, make a roux of melted butter and a little flour, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and with the mushrooms add to the pigeons. If the mushrooms are large cut them into four pieces.

Mushrooms and Tongue.—Boil well and mash some potatoes, wetting them with milk, adding pepper and butter; they must be quite smooth, and should be carefully done. Boil some sweetbreads until tender, with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs. Have ready some pieces of smoked tongue cut rather small and thin; these to be kept warm by placing in boiling water. Cut the sweetbreads, when done, the same size and shape as the pieces of tongue. Have some small button mushrooms stewed with pepper, salt and butter. When these are done, take them out and make a sauce of the liquor by adding a little flour, cream, a squeeze of lemon and a little grated nutmeg. Now all the materials are prepared. Place a roll of potatoes about an inch from the edge of the dish, leaving a hollow in the centre; in this ridge of potato place alternately, standing up, a piece of the tongue and a piece of the sweetbread until the circle is complete. Fill the hollow in the centre with the mushrooms, and then pour on them the hot gravy. All these different things must be kept as hot as possible during the time of preparation, and served at once with a garnish and slices of lemon.

Colettes d'Agneau puree de Pois.—Broil the cutlets to a nice rich brown, pepper and salt, but before doing this prepare a puree of green peas (old ones will do quite as well, if not better than young ones) until they are nearly a mash, then pass through a hair sieve, add a little stock, pepper and salt, and broil up again. Then broil and arrange the cutlets on the dish according to fancy, and pour the puree either around or in the centre of the cutlets. The advantage of this dish is, that the peas can be used much later in the season, than if prepared in any other way. Canned peas or split peas colored with spinach leaves can be used in the winter equally well.

Beef and Bacon.—This is one of the very nicest of dishes, that can be made from the beef of the day before. Cut the meat into pieces about two inches long and one inch wide, then put into a stewpan with a bouquet of sweet herbs and enough stock to cover them. Let them simmer (not boil) for an hour, then take the pieces out, wrap each in a thin slice of bacon, and put in a shallow pan, remove the bouquet from the gravy, add a little pepper, salt, flour and butter, and then pour into the pan with the meat. Bake just long enough to cook the bacon, which, with a good oven, will only be a few minutes. If the gravy is not a rich brown add a little pastille before pouring over the meat in the pan.

Calf's Head en Tortue.—Bone the head, and blanch it by scalding it well and letting it lie in cold water for an hour or two, then cut it into small pieces, with the exception of the brains, tongue and ears. Put the pieces into enough water to cover them, with a faggot of sweet herbs. When half done, add the brains, and salt to taste. Let all simmer for an hour, pour off the water, which can be saved for stock, add some chopped mushrooms, hard boiled eggs, ham, truffles, gherkins, olives, and some tomatoes or tomato sauce. Serve in a deep dish and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

Rabbit and Mushrooms.—Cut the rabbit into pieces as for a stew, cover with water, add a little salt, a faggot of sweet herbs, and stew until tender. When done, take out the pieces of rabbit, and reserve half the liquor, to which add one tin of mushrooms, pepper and salt. Make a roux of butter and flour, add the yolk of one egg well beaten, a very little nutmeg and some chopped parsley; add this gradually but quickly to the liquor, so that it is smooth and even, let it heat well, and then put in the pieces of rabbit; serve it in a deep dish with sippets of toast. We should like to call attention to one thing in regard to using mushrooms. For stews which are to be light in color they should either be the canned ones, or the small button ones; the large flat mushrooms make the gravy quite black, and are most suitable for grilling.

Scalloped Oysters.—Have ready a pint and a half of dry bread crumbs. Put a layer of these in a deep dish or tin, upon these place a layer of oysters, pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, then again the crumbs, and so on until the dish is full, the crumbs being on the top; add little pieces of butter to brown it on the top and bake for twenty minutes. It is not necessary to put in any liquor from the oysters, as enough will adhere to them to sufficiently moisten the bread crumbs if they are taken from the tin and not first allowed to drain.

* * *

A Michigan journal says: "In this State etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves, because that's the way she handles the groom after marriage."

Correspondence.

GERTRUDE, (Harrisburg, Ore.)—Gen. R. E. Lee was born in Virginia, in [illegible], and died there in 1870.

W. H. T. (Elkton, Md.)—You can accomplish anything by perseverance. 2. The coin is worth twenty-five cents.

READER, (St. Joseph, Mo.)—We cannot tell you how "to make up quarrels between lovers," without knowing the nature of the quarrel.

J. S. H., (Plummersville, Ark.)—We know nothing of the story you inquire about. You do not mention whether or not it was published in the POST.

ANNIE, (Whitehall, Wis.)—For one so young as you, your handwriting is very fair; but you must not neglect to embrace every opportunity for improving it.

SARAH, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Sarah is a name of Hebrew derivation, and means "a princess." Maria is of the same origin, the same as Mary, and means "bitter."

FOWL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—1. There are a great many remedies, all of which are more or less good. Inquire at some place where such fowls are sold. 2. 1821. C. A. Atkinson.

SUBSCRIBER, (Gorham, Me.)—There are such books published, and you could probably get one by writing, stating exactly what you want, to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

MAME, (Milledgeville, Ga.)—There is a "language of flowers." If we knew the particular flowers that some of your admirers presented you with, we could tell you what they imported.

YOUTHFUL, (Washington, N. J.)—The amount of income which a man ought to have before he marries depends entirely on his position in life. You do not tell us yours, and we are therefore unable to advise you on the point.

S. O. B., (Lycoming, Pa.)—Bric-a-brac means a collection of antiquarian or artistic curiosities; chic, means assurance or audacity; "rococo" is a word which is used to denote what is extravagant or fantastic in decorative art.

OLIVETTE, (Whiteley, Conn.)—If a gentleman sends a present to a lady to whom he is not engaged, she should return it, unless they be on very friendly terms, in which case she might accept the occasional gift of flowers, or a piece of music or some such trifle.

DIETIST, (Boston, Mass.)—Boiled flesh is divested of a large portion of its nutritive qualities by the process of cooking, and should always be eaten with the soup formed in boiling. Repeated washing of meat in cold water dissolves its soluble phosphates, its lactic acid, its creatine, and its albumen. It is an unwise and fastidious operation.

WAGER, (St. Paul, Minn.)—Webster says that the "dickens" means the devil, is used as a vulgar interjection, and is contracted from the diminutive "devilkins." Brewer, another high authority, says it is corrupted from "Nick," which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon. In either case, it certainly belongs to the English language.

WILLIE, (Union, N. C.)—We think it best that you should not marry your cousin, she being so many years your senior. Women age more quickly than men, and by the time you are thirty-five, she would be, comparatively speaking, an old woman. Apart from the difference in age, we consider it wrong on physical and moral grounds for first cousins to marry.

JONES, (Bangor, Me.)—Sappho was a Grecian poetess, renowned for her delineation of love and passion. Only a few unsatisfactory fragments of her works remain to us, but these are sufficient to show that in warmth and purity of feeling, in grace and in sweetness, and in delicacy and beauty of expression, she has, perhaps, never been excelled by any lyric poet either of ancient or modern times.

FEARFUL, (New York, N. Y.)—Go to bed regularly at night, get up at a fixed hour in the morning, and employ yourself actively during the day. No healthy person who is energetic and regular and industrious in his or her habits and mode of living, ever suffers from "violent fits of gaping." But perhaps it arises in your case from some disease or disorder of the system; therefore you had better consult a doctor.

DORA, (Keokuk, Ia.)—You must know that a gentleman is very chary about "popping" the question to a lady who receives the attentions of many gentlemen. Generally speaking, he must be convinced that a lady shows a preference for him, before he takes so bold and important a step. Confine your favors and smiles to the one of your many admirers you like the best and who is in a position to marry you, and see what effect that will have.

E. T. S., (Jackson, Fla.)—While it is not absolutely improper for a young lady "to make her sweetheart a present of anything before he had given her anything," it is better not to do so. Presents are intended to mark the respect or to engage the esteem of the person to whom they are given, but young ladies should never be too forward in demonstrating to a young man how much she respects him or how much she would like to be esteemed in return.

CONSTANT, (Byron, Ga.)—1. The word phonograph originated in this country during the last few years. It refers to an instrument that will take down or write sounds, retain them for any length of time, and afterwards give them out exactly as first heard. To make it clearer, you might speak into one where you reside; the machine could then be taken any distance, to Europe if need be, and on operation would reproduce your voice and what you said exactly as you spoke. 2. We think of the four ladies, were we in your position, we would choose the one who possesses the good-nature and sweetness of disposition. As compared with these, the mere bodily attractions of the others amount to nothing.

P. R. S., (Emporia.)—For the gentleman a dark suit—black or dark blue—with white vest, light blue or white necktie and lavender kid gloves are the proper thing. For the lady, some simple white material is always in good taste. If preferred, brown, steel color, or some gray silk may be used. Excess of jewelry or elaborate ornamentation in any way should be avoided. 2. No. The regular engagement ring is a solitaire diamond, while the wedding ring must be of plain gold. If circumstances require, or the interested parties choose to do so there would be nothing wrong in using the engagement ring at the wedding. Indeed, apart from the appearance of meanness it might have in the eyes of busybodies and small-minded people, there seems something appropriate in using the same plain ring for both ceremonies—the engagement and the marriage.